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"GOD HAS MADE US NEIGHBORS, let justice make us friends. The first step toward justice is to stop making false and unfair statements about Mexico." Thus spoke William E. Borah, Senator from Idaho, to a gathering of 5,000 people under the auspices of the New Haven Trades Council. When Professor Jerome Davis of Yale declared that "he deserves the highest office which is in the power of the American people to grant" the audience cheered him to the echo—so the dispatches report. Borah's was a noble and stirring address, an appeal for righteousness toward our neighbors and a thorough smashing of the Bolshevist bogy. He told the exact truth when he said that if there had never been a Bolshevist revolution there would still have been the agrarian revolution and radical land laws in Mexico, and the great and increasingly successful Nationalist movement in China. He reminded his auditors that the revolution in Mexico began seven years before the collapse of the Czar's regime in Russia, and he was extremely sarcastic in his references to the use by strong governments of their armies and navies on the pretense of assisting weaker ones "to maintain free governments." We hope that this is the opening gun of a carefully planned campaign, and that Senator Borah will speak along similar lines in every State in the Union. Someone with intellectual standards, with a statesmanlike vision should puncture the follies of the Coolidge-Kellogg administration of our foreign affairs every day that Congress is out of session.

WHAT NEXT IN CHINA? The collapse of the Northern armies at Shanghai and Nanking marks a greater triumph for the South than any Chinese faction has won since the early days of Yuan Shih-kai's power. All China south of the Yangtze has fallen to the Nationalists, and unless they lapse into dissension at the peak of victory the other provinces of the great Eastern plain are sure to follow. The dying Northern capital, Peking, must in a few months follow the Yangtze cities. With new power come new problems. First, will the Nationalists, hitherto inspired by a gospel, be able to digest the mere militarists who will join them because of their victories? There are reports of an anti-Russian party within the Kuomintang—which means a party favoring the old kind of personal military dictatorship as opposed to group civilian rule. Second, what about the foreign settlements of Shanghai, which 20,000 fully equipped foreign soldiers defend from fortified positions well outside the foreign territory? There will, of course, be strikes and demonstrations within the settlements; there must be protests and negotiations for a change in the system of foreign autocratic government—but can they be carried to success without bloodshed? And, finally, with the British strongholds in China weakened, the Nationalists will have to turn new attention to the problem of Japanese domination of Manchuria.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT read and debated in the House of Commons? Yes, that actually happened on March 17. The issue, so the dispatches read, was squarely presented whether Great Britain should not disarm altogether "and become the first real Christian nation." Arthur Ponsonby, admirable fighter for peace that he is, initiated the debate by moving that the British air force be done away with. The effect was remarkable. Although it was a private member's motion and not a government one, it took an entire day's debate to dispose of it. That only twenty-four members voted for it is no reason for discouragement. How many great and successful causes have polled fewer votes at the beginning? Even the Air Minister felt compelled to speak to the motion seriously and to bring up the old argument that one must first convert one's neighbors to good-will and peace. Incidentally a Labor member, William Shepheard, himself a veteran, who read the Sermon on the Mount in the historic precincts in which it has usually been flouted, dwelt upon the interesting fact that the foreigners who have been safest in China during all these troubles have been the Germans. The reason, he explained, was that Germany has no troops and no gunboats in China to "protect" her nationals and anger the Chinese.

STILL ANOTHER REMARKABLE SIGN of the growth of pacifist sentiment in England appears from the great victory won by Wilfred Wellock in the Stourbridge division by-election. This Labor candidate won his seat by a majority of 3,099 over his Conservative opponent. Mr. Wellock was a conscientious objector during the war and was imprisoned for his refusal to serve. His pacifist views were by no means hidden from the electorate; indeed, his oppo-

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nent constantly stressed the fact that he refused to fight for his country during the World War. So far from hurting him this helped him and, in striking contrast to the attitude of most ex-service men in this country, his strongest supporters were veterans of the war. At one of his biggest meetings there were fifty former soldiers on his platform wearing their medals, and the presiding officer was a man who had won distinction at the front. The Chinese issue Mr. Wellock put squarely to the front and he denounced the Government for sending troops to China. Thereupon the opposition press declared that anyone who voted for Wellock would vote to leave British citizens unprotected in China. The vote showed clearly how eager the people are for brave anti-war leadership. In the previous election Wellock lost by 1,910 votes to his Conservative opponent. There was therefore a turn-about of just 5,000 votes in a single constituency. That speaks for itself and so does the fact that the town of Oldbury, the largest town in this constituency, has just done away with a tank and two German guns that were given to the city as souvenirs of the war. The citizens, it is explained, did not want to have them in sight.

MUSSOLINI CONTINUES TO PLAY the old diplomatic role with considerable skill. To solidify Italy's control of Southeastern Europe and checkmate the ambitions of Jugoslavia, he signed in December—with the apparent connivance of Great Britain—a treaty with Albania which guaranteed the "independence" of Albania and established in power his tool, Ahmed Zogu, under Italian protection. Since then Mussolini has won Rumanian support by confirming its seizure of Bessarabia, and has made friendly advances to Hungary and Bulgaria. Zogu is as unpopular as a despot and a puppet of a foreign "protector" is likely to be. A revolt against him was scheduled for April, but, according to a special dispatch in the New York *Times*, it is thought probable "that an early spring has advanced the date." The plot to oust him may have been hatching in Jugoslavia, just as the plot that put Zogu in power was hatched in Rome. Mussolini accuses Jugoslavia not only of encouraging revolution but of massing troops and making military preparations to assist the overthrow of Zogu and attack Italy's influence in Albania. Jugoslavia's counter-charges of Italian military activity are better supported. However much Jugoslavia might like to substitute a tool of its own for the Italian-made Zogu its chances would be slim in the face of Italy's power. Jugoslavia can only hope that its loud denial of aggressive intentions will persuade the world and the diplomats gathered at Geneva of its innocence and thus prevent Mussolini from intensifying his efforts in behalf of the "independence" of Albania and the Balkans.

FEDERAL COURTS are without funds to pay witness fees and jurors' expenses; veterans go without their pensions; alien property remains untangled—a thousand and one things go undone because David Reed of Pennsylvania, afraid of a continued investigation of Pennsylvania election scandals, filibustered in the dying days of Congress and defeated not only the investigation resolution but the Second Deficiency Bill and other pending legislation as well. We are likely to be reminded of this filibuster by other shortages of funds in the nine months of the Congressional recess; and it will be well if the country should recall that the cause is the fear of the Pennsylvania machine. The whole Administration machine is still loyally fighting to save his seat for William F. Vare. Senator Keyes of New Hampshire refused to authorize payment of expenses for transporting the ballot boxes from four disputed counties to Washington; and when Senator "Jim" Reed obtained private funds to pay expenses the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate refused to accept them. There is no method too petty for these Republican henchmen. And if it were not pathetic it would be amusing to recall that in the pre-primary campaign Senator David Reed, then opposed to Vare, denounced that gentleman almost as vigorously as Governor Pinchot, who declared that "the stealing of votes for Mr. Vare, and the amount and the sources of the money spent in his behalf make it clear to me that the election returns do not in fact correctly represent the will of the sovereign voters of Pennsylvania."

HISTORY IS SOMETIMES MADE when the reporters aren't looking. In those last frenzied days of the filibuster some bills did slip through. For instance:

> The bill (H. R. 10662) authorizing an appropriation for the construction of a roadway and walk leading to and around the Chalmette Monument, Chalmette, Louisiana.
>
> The bill (H. R. 3791) to purchase a painting of the several ships of the United States Navy in 1891 and entitled "Peace."

HARD ON TOP of the report of the Federal Trade Commission urging Congressional study of water-power and electrical combinations comes an appeal from Gifford Pinchot to the governors of all the States for the support of a movement to insure State and federal regulation of the operations of power corporations. In his letter Mr. Pinchot declares that the power trusts blocked the Boulder Dam and Muscle Shoals bills in the last Congress and warns the public against the domination of American life that would come with an uncontrolled monopoly of electric power. He dwells upon the fact that he is not an advocate of government ownership but adds that he favors both State and federal regulation since, as he puts it, electricity will soon count more in the life of the average man or woman than anything else except food or clothing. As we have regulated the railroads and the trusts, so we are called upon to regulate the great power companies. Well, there will be vital disagreements with him but it is a fine thing to have Gifford Pinchot devoting himself to that cause. The ex-Governor of Pennsylvania now has the opportunity, as an unofficial champion of such causes, to repeat his great services in the preserving of our natural resources.

THE EXHAUSTIVE REPORT of the Federal Trade Commission comes in response to the Norris resolution asking investigation of the power trust's interest in Muscle Shoals. The commission declares that

> In one instance less than a million-dollar investment in the majority of the voting stock of the apex holding company gave in 1925 full control of the entire organization of the group, having scores of underlying companies and several hundred million dollars of investment. Such pyramiding not only affects the financial stability of the electric-power industry but also has a potential relation to the more general question of an undue concentration of control of the electric-power industry.

The report deals extensively with the Electric Bond & Share Company, the General Electric Company group, the

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North American and Insull companies, the Stone & Webster, the Byllesby, the Hodenpyl & Hardy groups, the Doherty companies, the J. G. White group, and others. The power output has doubled every five years since 1902, the commission finds, and the total investment has grown from four and a half billion dollars in 1922 to eight and a half billions at the end of 1926. The commission does not find that there is yet a complete power trust, but it is obvious from its report that if these great groups or a majority of them should come together the country would be face to face with a financial combination of tremendous power and of great potential danger. As it is, the Federal Trade Commission, despite the fact that it is a Coolidge-dominated body, recommends the situation to Congress for immediate legislative consideration.

WATER-POWER SEEMS to make trouble even in unsettled regions. The hinterland of Labrador has for centuries been a mosquito-infested land which only salmon fishermen cared to investigate. Then the American Sunday papers began to exhaust more southern pulpwood forests, and water-power began to scramble into the troublesome place in public attention hitherto occupied by coal. Labrador's hinterland became a prize. The maps have always shown the up-country of Labrador as part of Quebec, while the documents declare that the "coast" is part of Newfoundland. But what is a "coast"? Newfoundland and Quebec began to dispute. And, apparently, others were interested. According to the perspicacious Canadian correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, the Liberal Government of Quebec has long been friendly to a group of power and pulp and paper interests in which the Mellon companies and the International Paper Company play a part, while a group of British capitalists, equally interested in pulp and power, found a warmer reception in Newfoundland than in Quebec. Hence, perhaps, the anger roused in Canada by the recent decision of the Judicature Committee of the Privy Council, the final court of appeal for the British Commonwealth. French Canadian papers do not hesitate to assert that the decision of this body, that the "coast" is the entire watershed east of the divide, was affected by the interest of "a few British magnates hungry for timber concessions"—chiefly the Rothermere interests.

NEVER, WE ARE SURE, has a greater compliment been paid to *The Nation* in the sixty-two years of this periodical's existence than that bestowed upon us by the faculty and students of Harvard University. The *Crimson*, having made a canvass within that institution, has discovered that *The Nation* ranks third on the list of weekly magazines in popularity among the Harvard students and faculty. Only the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Liberty* surpassed us in the esteem of the thinkers in our oldest American university. Advertising agencies and national advertisers will please take notice that in esteem, if not in circulation, we outrank the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the *Pictorial Review*, *Vanity Fair*, *Judge*, *Life*, and the *Police Gazette*. Who shall say hereafter that the highbrow student does not turn to highbrow publications? Henceforth we shall have no doubts as to the progress of the intellectual life among the Harvard undergraduates—not even when they call Princeton rough, decline to sing at glee-club contests, assault and are assaulted by the police, and generally act as a mysterious law unto themselves.

THE PERSISTENT MISREPORTING of the Chinese situation by Frederick Moore, correspondent of the New York *Times*, deserves notice. He did not like the Cantonese; therefore he announced that they were split by internal dissensions, and militarily weak. Here are samples from his Shanghai dispatches:

> March 1. There is no evidence of a prospective battle, and it is confidently believed in well-informed quarters that the customary negotiations have already begun.
>
> March 5. Continued reliable reports . . . support other indications that the Southerners have reached the end of their military capacities.
>
> March 6. Chang Tsung-chang's army is considered the best in China, excluding Chang Tso-lin's.
>
> March 7. Marshal Chang Tsung-chang, by movements of troops along the railways south of the Yangtze in Kiangsu Province, makes daily more secure the North's retention of Shanghai. . . . The Northern position militarily is incalculably the stronger and the Northern armies are regarded by foreign military attachés as indefinitely better than the Southern.
>
> March 9. Further facts and statements bear out the report that Chiang Kai-shek . . . the Southern commander-in-chief . . . does not intend to push military operations against Marshal Chang Tsung-chang's Nanking and Shanghai defenses.
>
> March 17. The coolest and best-informed foreigners still agree that Shanghai is unlikely to be taken by the Southern armies for many weeks, possibly months.

A cub reporter could hardly have been more brilliantly and consistently mistaken. About midnight on March 20 the Southern armies entered the native city of Shanghai.

"ELMER GANTRY" HAS BEEN BANNED from the Kansas City Public Library, which is not surprising in view of the fact that somehow the ministers of Kansas City, who trustingly lunched with Mr. Lewis every Wednesday and poured out their souls and creeds to his friendly ears, never suspected his fell purpose in questioning them. Now that the world knows all about it, they are properly shocked and surprised. Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale is quoted as saying that there never was a minister like Elmer Gantry: "I know something of Baptist ministers. My grandfather and father were [and] . . . all my living brothers are Baptist ministers, and there has been a constant string of Baptist ministers walking through my house for years, and I have never known one like Elmer Gantry." Nobody doubts for a minute that this statement is true. But in order to keep Elmer Gantry, the character in fiction, quite separate and distinct from his brothers in life, the ministers in Kansas City ought to be careful not to copy Mr. Lewis's style of writing. Harcourt, Brace and Company quote advertisements from Kansas City papers last Sunday: "Sinclair Lewis's Vile Preacher Book"—this in bold black type. As an added attraction Grand Avenue Temple offered "Bob White—Big Basso; Ronald Ashburne—Little Boy Soprano." "Elmer Gantry was Drunk" was the headline of the announcement of the Linwood Methodist Church. How closely Mr. Lewis caught Kansas City's voice can be judged by Dr. Hargett's "Lenten Suggestions": "The old-timers say that both our morning and evening congregations are record-breaking. There must be a real reason for this. Wonder if it isn't to be found in the fact, not only of a growing city, but of a growing church in the heart of this growing city."

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The British-American Alliance

THE Cantonese have taken the native city of Shanghai, and the Guaranty Trust Co., together with J. and W. Seligman & Co., have made a one-year million-dollar loan to the little Diaz "Government" in Nicaragua. As we write, fifteen hundred American marines in full war regalia, tin hats included, are policing the tumultuous streets of far-off Shanghai, and 5,000 more are on duty maintaining "neutral zones" in Nicaragua. Relations between the United States and Mexico are strained, and Mr. Kellogg is solemnly debating with himself and his cronies the advisability of lifting the arms embargo and inviting another revolution as a means of imposing our oleaginous will upon the Calles Government.

Shanghai is a long way from Mexico City or Managua, but a spark of sympathy binds the remote cities. Bolshevism? No, it is not Bolshevism which is making the whole world kin, but a common sense of the oppression of Anglo-American imperialism. As Senator Borah said in his New Haven speech: "Communism and Russian influence have no more to do with either the origin or execution of [Mexico's] policies than they have to do with the policies of our own government." Nor is there Bolshevism, in any special Russian sense, in China. There is, of course, a determination to break the ancient bonds which have fettered China's youth to a dead past, and a special passion to do away with those shackles which foreign nations have imposed upon China. But to assume that a few Russian agents with a few thousand dollars could turn the course of history is puerile. The Bolsheviks have undoubtedly sought to stir up revolution in a dozen different countries, but they have never yet made a revolution which would not have occurred without them. In Germany, Bulgaria, Poland, Esthonia they have failed. In China the revolution is still a rising tide, and the Russians have won prestige because instead of seeking to dam the rising tide of Nationalism they have swum with the current. Some of us regret that America did not have the vision to act as aid and abettor to a movement so like the struggle which gave our own country birth as a nation.

But there is a kinship between what is happening in China and what is happening in Nicaragua and Mexico, and it will be a pity if our statesmen and business men do not read the lesson. China has reached a riper stage in the history of empire. Time was—and not so long ago—when foreign nations could do in China what America is doing in Nicaragua today. They intervened, they lent money, they carved out spheres of influence, and took over the customs. We are but repeating the ancient story of imperialism. Encouraged by the State Department, a group of New York bankers are providing the funds to aid one party in Nicaragua to defeat the other. Diaz has been beaten in battle after battle. By his own admission he was unable to hold his post without aid from the American Government. He was without prestige and without funds; now our bankers give him the money with which to win prestige. Presumably the bankers' money will pay the DuPonts and the Remingtons and the others who will supply Diaz with guns and gunpowder. And when the shooting is over, what then? Diaz will still be incompetent; we shall have to help him hold power. The Marine Corps publicity department, which floods the country with stories of our beneficent rule in Haiti, will flood the country with feature picture-stories of our success in Nicaragua. A decade ago similar stories of the virtues of foreign "aid" to China still flooded the press of the entire Western world. Then—something happened in China. It will happen in the Caribbean, too. These people seem to us incompetent today—able only to eat bananas and write poetry. We will teach them, as we have taught the Chinese, how to organize, how to equip armies, how to fight. And in time they will turn our lessons against us.

It is natural that the British should be eager to help us embark upon the course of empire. Their great empire, stretched across the Seven Seas, is in process of disintegration. What is happening in China is the greatest blow which British prestige has suffered since the American Revolution. It shakes India; it imperils Hongkong, Singapore, Aden, Egypt, the Sudan and the Suez, Cyprus, Malta, Gibraltar—that entire chain of foreign fortresses over which the British imperial flag flies. If one colored people can throw the British out of its territory, cannot another? Perhaps, after all, there is nothing supernatural about the people of that little island off the West coast of Europe. But if the great young empire of the Western Hemisphere, rich America, the new marvel, the traditional friend of democracy and of oppressed peoples, can be brought to act like Britain and with Britain, a new prestige comes to the relief of the British Empire. No wonder, indeed, if the British are willing to send a warship to Nicaragua to help bolster up the Coolidge-Kellogg policy of aping British imperialism; no wonder if the British in China ask that we stand shoulder to shoulder to them in defense of white prestige.

Of course, the program is not set forth in such crass terms. The American people, dulled as they are today, would not permit so gross a betrayal of their ideals. So we are presented with the camouflaged scarecrow of world-wide Bolshevism. Wherever a people dares demand its freedom from foreign interference, that is Bolshevism. Wherever the universality of white empire is threatened, the threat is Bolshevism. Of course, we are all against Bolshevism. Thus the British-American alliance is cemented.

There is, as yet, no formal treaty of alliance. There are, probably, no documents recording the intimate collaboration. But the habit of cooperation with Great Britain has grown mightily since the days of the Washington Conference, when Britain, at our behest, denounced the British-Japanese alliance, assuredly not without expecting from America a *quid pro quo*. Joint action is not, necessarily, a bad habit; more than once in recent years British-American cooperation has been a force for sanity in European affairs (although today England is, unfortunately, acting as aide to Mussolini). Both nations want above all that peace without which profitable, orderly trade seems difficult. But collaboration, when it takes the form of aggressive imperialism, may be dangerous. America does not need to set herself against the new tides of national and race liberation. We do not believe that she wants to lead in that direction. Under the cloak of anti-Bolshevism, she is being pushed.

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Students and Teachers

THE most interesting questions in education are questions as to the relation which shall exist between teacher and student. What shall be the attitude of the one to the other, and, once this has been decided, how shall the attitude be fostered? The best conception of the relationship has always been one which saw the instructor and the instructed as partners in a common enterprise—the benefits of the cooperation going chiefly, perhaps, to the younger partner, but going not altogether that way. In any wise scheme of education no teacher will ever be a positive sacrifice to the generation he is helping to bring up. He, too, will have his fun and his reward—and his education.

The Committee on Instruction at Harvard has made a recommendation to the several departments of the university which ought to mean much to students and faculty there. The plan—which incidentally is not compulsory, each department being free to ignore it—provides for a material shortening of the time in each term devoted to formal teaching. The committee has thought it inadvisable to reduce the term itself; but hereafter, in departments which accept the plan, "Instructors in charge of courses shall discontinue lectures, or other classroom exercises conducted by the instructor who is in charge of the course, during the interval between the Christmas recess (approximately two and a half weeks) and the mid-year examination period and during the interval between the second lecture period and the final examination period (approximately three and a half weeks)." Thus the lecturing year will be effectively reduced by six weeks for everybody except freshmen. Freshmen are not to be intrusted with this freedom.

The committee in its commentary upon the plan in a recent issue of the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin* emphasizes the advantages, to all good students at least, of the greater liberty, joined with a sense of greater responsibility to themselves, which they will now enjoy. We heartily agree. The tendency of the best modern education, not only at Harvard but elsewhere, has been for years to stimulate the undergraduate to independent thought and investigation. But these are luxuries, and like all luxuries they require leisure. The average institution, even where the stimulus has been provided and received, has by no means allowed the letter of its law to keep pace with the spirit. There have continued to be regulations, duties, schedules in excess of the intellectual need. At Harvard, as this committee points out, the new education by the very nature of its demand has led to a desire on the part of students for leisure in which to do the original and extended work their partners in the educational enterprise naturally expect of them. The present plan, which follows logically in the wake of the elective systems, the concentration requirements, the general examinations, and the tutorial system, is intended to grant that leisure; and we hope it will.

Equal emphasis, however, should be placed upon the leisure which the faculty itself will gain. The new education, which no doubt once seemed to many persons to be merely a dodge away from discipline, has actually added to the burdens of teachers. For the number of good students has increased, and everyone knows that, whatever else can be done with a live student, he cannot be dismissed with a gesture. "As the number and percentage of candidates for honors grows," writes Professor H. A. Yeomans, "alert undergraduates, in greater numbers and more eagerly, demand individual explanations from their course instructors and refuse to acquiesce unless convinced that the explanations are sound." So that professors have begun to need breathing space no less than students—and in this case will get it. One of the rules in the perfect university, whenever and wherever it is established, will provide for an abundance of empty space between the teacher and the taught. The two can never be bound together without great harm all around; it is not necessary, perhaps, to insist once more that a teacher can remain a good teacher only so long as he has time to read and think for himself. The company of even the best students will not be good enough for him always, since they are irremediably young.

The company of students has been well if excitedly characterized by President Wriston of Lawrence College, Wisconsin, in an address to the teachers of his State:

> There is danger in perpetual contact with immature minds. There is a tendency to lazy mental habits, a tendency to bluff, and a tendency to underpreparation. Your mind is not being stretched in discussion. People going into dangerous professions must develop their powers of resistance. So with the teacher. The teacher must develop his resistance by setting for himself intellectual tasks which demand all of his powers, by the development of a strong professional interest.

This is well put, and quite true. The only thing remaining to be said is that students such as Professor Yeomans has described cannot be so bad—indeed can be very good as intellectual company—and that it behooves the administrators of most colleges to give their teachers more free time than at present they have.

The Press and the Individual

WE sincerely trust that Mr. David Lawrence was incorrectly reported when he spoke to a group of school editors at a recent gathering at Columbia University. He was made to say that the American press was the best in the world and that none of its faults were of its own creation. So able a journalist as the head of the Consolidated Press Association, and the founder of that extremely useful publication, the *United States Daily*, can hardly have maintained the second thesis even if he uttered the first. Every tyro in the trade and every intelligent reader of dailies knows better. It is, of course, to be said that if the public would not buy low-grade newspapers they could not exist. But that the public supports the debased and debasing tabloids of New York City, for instance, is no excuse whatever for the degeneracy of their conductors in offering the matter that they print; nor does it relieve them from the responsibility for their acts. And when it comes to the exploiting of the misfortunes of the individual who happens to get into the limelight, there is no press on earth as cruel, as cowardly, as low, or as brutal, and none which goes to such lengths. Can Mr. Lawrence or anyone else maintain that this is due to the public and not to the publishers?

At about the time that Mr. Lawrence was addressing the editors-in-embryo, all but one of the defendants in the recent Hall-Mills murder trial were suing the New York *Mirror*, a Hearst publication, for $1,500,000 for libel and calumny. Their trial, in which they were unanimously acquitted, was brought about by the *Mirror* according to its

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own assertions, and it stopped at little to blacken their characters. On one occasion it printed a cover-page picture of Mr. Stevens, one of the defendants, deliberately placing a visiting card at the feet of the two murdered persons—"a *Mirror* staff artist has constructed this scene," the caption read, "from the records of the Somerville, N. J., trial." The records of the trial showed, incidentally, nothing of the kind. For years these people were hounded from pillar to post. Nothing was too villainous to write about them; nothing in their private lives was held sacred. What sentence could inflict the torture daily administered by the newspapers?

Now, if it be objected that after all these people were drawn into a murder trial, the answer is that, granted this fact, the press of no other country in the world would have gone as far or stooped to such depths. Possibly a few of the worst English dailies might have approximated this exploitation of the morbid, the prurient, and the sensational, but no others. Leaving aside the question of murder trials, we would remind our readers of the treatment given to the late Dr. Percy Stickney Grant by the press of the city to which he for decades gave the most useful service. Neither his cloth, nor his courage, nor his unquestionable integrity shielded him. He was a liberal in the church; he was in conflict with about the worst bishop the Episcopal church has ever been burdened with hereabouts; he ran a radical forum—a most desirable public safety valve—and he was engaged to a woman he could not marry by reason of a long outworn church ordinance. That was enough for the hounds of the lowest part of the press, and even the high-class dailies joined in the hue and cry. This exhibition by the "best press in the world" ought to make Mr. Lawrence and every other reputable journalist hang his head in shame. Whether there was a foundation of truth in the scandals or not—we do not believe that there was—the point is that no dailies in any other country would have exploited what was after all a private affair. Outside of the professionally blackmailing press, there are no such journalistic ghouls anywhere as in our own newspaper world, and no better service could have been done for these schoolboy editors than to have instilled into their youthful hearts a deep detestation of this form of journalistic crime.

Measured by the misery that this sort of wrong-doing causes, the offenses of some of the men who are going to prison for life in New York State as fourth offenders seem trivial, indeed. Even where there is guilt this exploitation of the individual almost invariably puts to the rack a group of innocent persons, dragged into the case by the mere accident of relationship. Personal stories sell best. The fake "true confessions" and "true story" magazines prove that. So every editor gets all the personality—in and out of one-piece bathing suits—into his publication that he can. It never occurs to him that there is such a thing as charity and kindliness and good-will, or that he should draw the mantle of charity about an unfortunate and wrong-doer—unless he happens to be a big advertiser, or one of the "sacred cows" of the office. Then, as when a Philadelphia drygoods merchant was caught *in flagrante delicto*, every local newspaper is apt to be strangely silent. Only one or two newspapers touched upon the facts of a transgression of one of the big newspaper proprietors that came out a year or so ago in a lawsuit. What if it had been a Percy Stickney Grant? Why, the best press in the world would have blazoned it on their own first pages for weeks and weeks.

A Forward Step

TEN years ago this spring the United States purchased from Denmark three specks of land in the Caribbean just east of Porto Rico, then known as the Danish West Indies and renamed by us the Virgin Islands. Probably it was the intention of the treaty of cession to confer American citizenship upon the islanders, but the document was ambiguous. One sentence seemed to grant citizenship, but another said: "The civil rights and political status of the inhabitants of the islands shall be determined by Congress." The Navy Department held that the islanders were American citizens, but the Department of State—possibly after it realized that the population was nine-tenths Negro—ruled otherwise. In the circumstances it was obviously for Congress to take action. Well, it has done so—after ten years.

For ten years the Virgin Islanders have been men and women without a country. They have been neither Americans nor Danes, nor could they be naturalized. In the final days of the last Congress a general citizenship act was passed for the islands. All former Danish citizens who have continued to reside in the Virgin Islands or in the United States—who did not preserve their allegiance to Denmark under the terms of the treaty—are made Americans; also all natives of the islands who were temporarily absent and children born to islanders of any of these classifications in the last ten years. Aliens residing in the Virgin Islands have access to naturalization through the United States District Court in Porto Rico.

The granting of citizenship to the Virgin Islanders is good but only a first step toward the justice which we owe to them. For ten years they have not only been without any kind of citizenship but they have existed under a "temporary government" established by Congress in 1917 and carried on by the navy ever since. The consequences of this naval regime have been unhappy and the economic distress of the islands is now acute. Although naval rule is not primarily responsible for this, it is true that business will fight shy of the islands as long as such a regime continues. It is also true that political dissatisfaction will be keen until this arbitrary government, with its censorship of the press and its rigid insistence upon a "color line," is withdrawn. Bills have been before Congress for a number of years to establish a civilian government similar to that of Porto Rico—without success. But sentiment for such action is growing. The House Committee on Insular Affairs has just made a brief visit to the islands, and it is to be hoped that next winter will see adequate legislation. Incidentally the citizenship act will help. For by it a large block of Virgin Islanders in New York City have been enfranchised—enough in one congressional district so that they probably hold the balance of power.

In connection with the good news in regard to citizenship for the Virgin Islanders it is pleasant to record also that Bishop Reginald Grant Barrow of the Christ African Church of Long Island, New York, has won his long contest against deportation from the United States. He had the assistance of the American Civil Liberties Union. Bishop Barrow, a British subject, was arbitrarily deported from the Virgin Islands in 1922. When he landed in New York City a year later the naval regime in the Virgin Islands attempted to have him deported from the United States also on grounds now adjudged false and insufficient.

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Settling Down to "Al" and "Cal"

By FRANK R. KENT

Washington, D. C., March 19

IT does not do to ascribe too much intelligence to the average professional politician. On the whole they are a stupid lot—particularly the small group customarily referred to in the newspapers as "party managers." Even the best of these are overrated and their reputation for political astuteness is hardly ever well based. Usually it is the result of three things—first, an uninformed, indifferent, and politically inert public, easily pleased and more easily fooled; second, an enlarged and inaccurate reflection of political figures and facts through a partisan press and propaganda agencies; third, the curious glamor that, reaching its climax in the Presidency, envelops the higher public offices and so often keeps a dough-head from seeming a dough-head when once through machine support, political luck, or an act of God he succeeds in attaining a position of prestige and power. In Washington as far as the more important political figures are concerned there should be added another factor—the necessity that forces newspaper correspondents to seek the views on public questions of small machine politicians and reflect these in print as seriously as if they sprang spontaneously from the well-furnished minds of real men. Through such a combination many a numskull has held on to high office for years.

However, despite these indisputable facts, two things have occurred in the field of politics since the adjournment of Congress which, it must be admitted, are evidence of a political shrewdness for which credit should be given. One of these is the plan evolved at a recent conference in Washington of Democratic Senators, aided and advised by one of the three leading Democratic angels, to avoid another head-on convention collision as a result of which the party would again be so split and twisted as to preclude the presentation of an effective fighting front in the next campaign. To this end it has been determined to play the time-honored "favorite son" game to the limit. In every State where it is at all possible a "favorite son" candidate for the Presidency will be encouraged and the delegation tied to him. Thus the bitterness, annoyance, and expense of Presidential primary contests will be largely eliminated.

It is argued that last time the two irreconcilable elements were permitted to fly at each other's throats and fight to the death while party leaders easily controlling more than a majority of the delegates stood by helplessly, bound by primary instructions, wholly out of sympathy with the man to whom they were tied, fully aware of the blasting effect of the fight on party chances. This time these leaders are not going to find themselves in any such position if they can help it—and they think they can. The way out, they agree, is the favorite-son method, and already it is assured that there will be at least sixteen names presented for the nomination on the first ballot. This really means the elimination of McAdoo and the nomination of Smith. It breaks up anything like organized, concentrated, and centralized opposition to the Smith candidacy. It scatters the forces of his foes and leaves him with the largest block of votes, an outstanding convention figure with approximately 300 delegates behind him. Most favorite sons will take votes from McAdoo States. The whole scheme greatly lessens the chances of Mr. McAdoo becoming again an active candidate with headquarters, press agents, and a flaming sword as he was in 1924. The only way to avoid the head-on collision is to make of Mr. McAdoo such a diminished and discouraged political figure that no one who looks for a winner will tie to him. That it means the nomination of Smith fits in with the views of practically every detached and clear-headed Democratic leader. They want him.

The other piece of political shrewdness mentioned above is the notion of having the good Calvin spend his summer vacation in the West. I do not know whence the idea came, but it is a good one. Apparently, too, there was back of it a well-thought-out bit of strategy not all of which has yet been revealed either by the White House Spokesman or the Administration organs, which sometimes get ahead of the Spokesman. It may be disclosing a secret, but the fact is that the agricultural advisers of the President, the chief of whom is in the Cabinet, but not as Secretary of Agriculture, are at work right now evolving another farm-relief measure, which is to be devoid of the economic heresies so shocking to Mr. Mellon in the McNary-Haugen bill and which will still appeal to the inflamed and aggrieved farmer as adequate and hopeful. It sounds impossible and absurd and, of course, it is, but such is to be the claim made. The general lines of the measure are being carefully guarded and are in fact not all yet laid down, but they are being got into shape. The plan is for Mr. Coolidge to take west with him a rough draft of the new bill. As soon as he is comfortably installed the farm leaders and farm-journal editors from the surrounding States will be separately and individually invited to the summer White House, separately and individually conferred with, asked for suggestions, and entertained as is the Presidential habit. There will be resulting from all this perfectly splendid publicity. The farm leaders and farm-journal editors—carefully selected and absolutely hand-picked—will, following their visit to the President, explain to the hungry correspondents as they leave that Mr. Coolidge is the real friend of the farmer, that his ideas on the subject of farm relief are essentially sound and sane, and that in the next session of Congress Mr. Coolidge will take the lead in the fight. They will add that the people in their States have full confidence in the President and that his renomination and reelection are assured. It is all bunk, of course, but it is impossible to exaggerate the political value of that sort of publicity, and no one knows its value better than the little Massachusetts politician now in the White House. It was to get this publicity that the Western trip was planned and it will certainly succeed. Before the summer is half over the Republican papers all over the country will break out in a perfect rash of headlines about "Winning the West"—and such is the power of publicity that it may be more or less true. Mr. Coolidge will not, of course, have any real legislative solution for the farm situation, but he does not need one. All he needs is something over which he can be sufficiently solemn and around which the propaganda can be draped. This he expects to take west with him.

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The Miners Tighten Their Belts

By TOM TIPPETT

THE inability of the coal operators and the union mine-workers to reach an agreement at Miami makes a suspension of work on April 1 appear inevitable. This means that the "Jacksonville agreement," devised in 1924 by the Government, the operators, and the miners to stabilize the soft-coal industry, has failed. The ills of the industry still exist, with additional complications.

During the war the miners' wages were raised by a federal coal commission from a basic wage of $5 for an eight-hour day to $7.50. That agreement expired in 1923. The operators refused to meet the miners to negotiate a new agreement, and a national strike was called which ended after four months' duration with the war-time wages intact. The new contract, made at Jacksonville for a period of three years, expires on March 31 this year. The Miami conference, which has recently gone on the rocks, failed because the miners refused to accept a cut in the present wage scale. The Jacksonville agreement calls for a basic wage of $7.50 a day, but the miner gets in a year far less than that would suggest. Because of the over-development of the industry the miners work about 140 days a year (counting only those lucky enough to be employed at all), which makes their yearly wage approximately $1,050. When a cut in wages is considered it must be deducted from a yearly maximum that is already far below anything like a living-wage standard.

The operators proposed at Miami to lower the union scale to 10 per cent above that paid in the non-union districts, to scrap the union machinery that has been evolved in the industry, and set up in its stead compulsory arbitration to settle future labor disputes. The mine-workers proposed to maintain the present wage rate but also to appoint a permanent committee to work toward lower production costs by means of scientific management, better marketing, and collaboration between workers and owners for elimination of waste.

Competition in the bituminous industry has shifted; the former leading competing districts of Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, and western Pennsylvania have yielded place to States further south such as Kentucky, Tennessee, and the Virginias. These new competitors are largely non-union and pay a much lower wage scale than the Northern States. This fact, the operators declare, has enabled the Southern operators to undersell union coal to such an extent that the Northern fields are losing the markets; an agreement which prevents cheaper production in the union fields, they say, would mean economic suicide. Cheaper production means to the coal operators, in common with all other captains of industry, a reduction of wages for the workers. A reduction of dividends, more efficient management, elimination of waste—such expedients do not occur to them.

The union, never strong in the South, has lost much ground. The non-union States produce more coal than the organized districts do and they can supply the country with its normal demand for coal. The disadvantage of higher freights for the longer haulage to Northern industrial centers has been eliminated since the Interstate Commerce Commission voted discriminatory rates favorable to the non-union fields. New methods of mechanized mining have made production in the South largely independent of skilled miners, who naturally refuse to put up with non-union conditions. Mine-workers in the South, for the most part, are serfs attached to the property of the coal barons. The rate of pay is whatever the company thinks proper; the miner is compelled to buy in company stores and is perpetually in debt to his boss. The pressure of the low standards enforced in these Southern coal baronies makes doubly hard the struggle of the union miner to hold his own even in the organized districts.

Suppose the union did agree to a sliding scale, kept 10 per cent above the non-union level. What would prevent the non-union operator from lowering the wages of his helpless workers still further, bringing about another cut for the union men? The miners cannot accept a wage scale competitive with that of the Southern miners. To them this is undebatable.

The future of the miners depends largely on the ability of the union to gather in the unorganized workers of the South. Its failure to do so or even to hold its membership in the Southern field is due to several factors. The South still maintains a pre-Civil War attitude toward its industrial workers—as well as toward other questions. The miners there live in company-owned towns; the minute they are suspected of union sympathies they are not only discharged and black-listed but their families are summarily dumped out of the company houses and, since there are no other houses in the vicinity, are forced to live in tent colonies or barracks set up by the union on the side of some stream or public highway.

Injunction judges flourish in New England, I know, but there is a peculiarly vicious type rampant in the South. Unashamed they sign all orders enjoining the miners from doing anything that the operators wish them not to do. The miners are hedged in by a thousand so-called legal decrees. And to enforce such orders the operators openly maintain a private standing army that does not hesitate to shoot the orders of the coal companies into effect. I was once caught in Mingo County, West Virginia, with a letter from a union official in my pocket. On that evidence alone I was clapped into a company jail. A journalist's credential got me my freedom but I was forced to walk over a mountain trail for twenty-five miles to a railroad because I was not permitted to ride on the company-owned train that had carried me into the camp.

To organize the South the United Mine Workers of America has spent energy and millions of dollars. The famous "armed march" in West Virginia was a proof of the local miners' opposition to their oppressors. All the forces of the federal government were used against them in that crisis and a promise was made to remove the gunmen. The promise has not been kept. Take away the gunmen in the South, give the union an even chance with the operators to appeal to the miners, and the organization will be established within a month. The operators know this and pursue a stubborn course of resistance.

But there are other problems to settle, too. Unem-

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ployment stalks through the industry. There are enough mines and miners to produce a billion tons of coal in a year, which is just twice as much as is ever produced. Engineers say there are 200,000 superfluous miners. But these engineers do not suggest reducing the eight-hour day to four or six.

Then there is the question of blood on coal. Every year 2,500 miners are killed outright in our coal mines (there were 2,510 killed in 1926), thousands are crippled and die, and thousands more die from occupational disease. The Bureau of Mines, as well as private investigators, agrees that all coal-mine accidents are preventable. Recently I discussed mine fatalities with an official of the coal operators in Illinois; he said: "If we could have the bankers who lend us money or the persons who own the stock on hand when the roof falls in on a miner; if they could see it happen, they would forfeit all the profit for one year and throw their fortunes in besides to save the life of one coal digger. But we don't have them there and we must run the mines cheaply—and there you are." I asked him how many mines in Illinois tried to apply the State mining-safety laws and he said there were less than a dozen that "could afford to." There are 387 shipping mines in Illinois, about one-half of which are now closed.

Scientific men have raised the issue of waste; they pointed out that 50 per cent or more of all the coal deposits is left irrecoverably in the ground by our present mining methods—left there because it is "unprofitable" to take it out. That is important when one considers what may happen when the contemplated shortage of power occurs.

The obstacle that stands in the way of any permanent improvement is private ownership, dominated as it is by the profit motive. Overproduction, sectional competition, low wages, unemployment, accidents, waste—the whole train of evils in the coal industry springs from that one source. This accounts for the union's demand for government ownership with the miners' voice recognized in the management of the mines. The union has been accused of keeping its demand on paper and actually doing little to bring nationalization about. The accusation, I think, is true. But those responsible for the union's policy have at least an excuse. The job of convincing Uncle Sam that he ought to own and operate his own coal mines is a big one—smug Uncle Sam who neither knows nor cares how industry runs so long as his favorite sons come out ahead, as they are doing at present—even in coal. The weight of inertia against such an effort is disheartening.

What are the alternatives? Private trustification would probably stabilize the industry—but for whose benefit? We already have enough trusts to answer that. As for class collaboration—an effort on the part of operators and miners to get together and save their own necks—Mr. Lewis proposed such a plan at Miami. He suggested that the Miami conference remain in existence as the cooperating machinery; and that there be added to it "legal counsel, rate experts, engineers, and such outside advisers as may be required for the competent execution of this program." The expense of the machinery would be borne by the operators and miners jointly, and the benefits derived would go to miners as well as to the coal-owners. The operators refused even to discuss the Lewis proposal.

With the cards stacked against the union the outcome of the present controversy is still in doubt. The four-competing-State machinery has broken down. That has happened before, in 1910, 1912, 1914, 1916, and 1922. District settlements were made in each case and the inter-State machinery reassembled. And district settlements are now being made. Montana and the Far West have signed. Iowa will probably reach an agreement before the scheduled shut-down. Other outlying districts are signing by groups or single companies. By this means the union hopes to compel the big four competing States to come to time. But they are balking. Ohio and western Pennsylvania, harder hit by their nearness to the non-union area, are adamant and propose to hold out for the open shop. The Illinois and Indiana operators have also decided against an agreement. State settlements may yet be made. There is, however, a huge reserve store of coal above ground, and the operators are not likely to settle so long as this strike coal holds out. While the miners tighten their belts the operators will increase their profits, but when the reserve is gone the operators will sign with the union rather than lose their old customers to non-union or signed-up fields.

When the settlement does come it will not end the coal problem because, whether or not the miners are forced to take a cut, the settlement will be superficial and temporary. In the end the Government will have to take over the mines. The miners will be forced to take their nationalization demand off paper and fight for it. The union must also penetrate through armed enemy lines into the South. These are terrific tasks, but the miners realize what they are facing. Their union was not handed to them on a silver platter. They gave their blood, went to jail, and starved their families through endless strikes for every inch of ground they won. They know that the greater part of the distance still lies ahead.

Men Who Dig Coal

By ROBERT RAYNOLDS

I

THE mine office is a square frame house, three rooms and a front porch, with a broad view of the mountains from three sides; in front are the tipple, the cars being loaded with coal, the shops, the men about their work. One might see Jim Pasko out there, a huge man, walking with a certain jerkiness toward the shaft to be let down into the pit to work.

He is an Austrian. In boyhood his eyes must have been blue like the sky; but now they are shaded with gray. His nose marks a straight line on his earnest face; his small mouth smiles. His whole physiognomy—stalwart chin, wide cheek-bones, tough cheeks—is suffused with a warm red glow, as friendly as his voice.

Standing not quite six feet, shoulders bowed, big hands hanging on long arms, he gives an impression of prodigious strength. It is a little shocking to find him, on a bright idle day, seated on a bench outside his tar-paper bunkhouse, showing Leo the intricacies of one of the wooden legs he has fashioned for himself. Leo, who has escaped for a moment the tyranny of his beastly father, is fascinated.

After that you detect by the slight halt in Jim's gait that both his legs below the knee are of some unliving material. Nonetheless, he loads more coal than the average

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miner, and in addition works down in the south entry, where there is a great deal of water. . . .

Mike Monarch, one of Jim's buddies, came into the office this morning and borrowed ten dollars from the Super. Mike is a stout Bulgarian who has worked here off and on for a decade. Deep lines in his cheeks and the sharp twist of his mustache, together with the gleam in his small eyes, give him a devilish look. But he's a good fellow.

"I tell you why I want money," he explained, "I buy four pints. You know. I get drunk! One day, he not 'nuff. Give me a week."

"Where do you get it, Mike?" the Super asked.

"Frederick! I go there, and every fool in town whisper me, 'Mike, you want buy some?' I no ask, they ask me."

Mike now and then goes on good old-fashioned drunks. He has been twenty years in America and has not saved a cent. He does not care to start saving up now; he only wants to maintain a pleasurable balance between work on the one hand and whiskey and women on the other. . . .

John Roman, with heavy breath, drew some of his pay today so that he could go in town and bail Mike Monarch and Jim Pasko out of the cooler.

II

"Is the Superintendent in?" asked a man who came into the office.

He was an Austrian, six feet tall, heavy-boned, sandy-haired, the face rather a brick color than pink, the eyes steel-blue, the mustache no small foppish affair. His voice, flowing through heavy lips, struck one by its sincerity.

"No. He's down at the tipple. You find him a short man with glasses, wearing a cap and an army coat. What is it you want?" I queried needlessly, for a man who comes hesitatingly through the door and after a few moments of patient waiting and silence inquires for the Super is a man after a job.

"Well, I want a job. Do you think I can get one?"

"I don't know. There was a fellow quit yesterday; you might get his job loading."

"I do anything. I'm a practical miner, twenty-three years' practical experience. I have loaded, worked a machine for undercutting, a motor, mules—every job in a mine. I've a family down in Denver. If a man can't support himself, how can he a family? That's the way it is now. I had a farm, too."

"Where was your farm?" I was interested in this man, talking to me informally through the wicket, yet forever turning to look out of the windows through which he could see on the upward slope of a gentle hill to the east five blown columns of smoke hurried away from the earth toward the gray sky. At times, as the smoke shifted, red flames would leap out. It was as if a dead race had come back to light ritual fires on the drab hillside—though of course they were really strawstacks being burned by some farmer.

"I had a farm down at Rocky Ford. I saved $4,500—do you know how much that is?—to put in it. Now I owe $5,000 and interest. I had it two years. I quit mining for it. But I get my crops nice both years, and in June come hail, and I lose all. Only the alfalfa, which pays a bare living; but no interest on a debt.

"Then I came to Denver and got a job in the iron- and steel-works. Forty cents an hour. Now, that's good pay, if you can work nine hours a day steady. But I only got six hours three days a week. That won't keep a family. Here I'm back for a mining job."

He didn't get a job; the mine is over-manned as it is, an easy winter making the demand for coal light.

III

The coal was not coming up from below very fast today. The half-hearted strike being carried on by some of the men is slowing production a bit. The strike is not effective because the field is non-union. During one of the intervals between hoisting periods Leo and I went out to the rock track, that rickety old affair over which we occasionally push a car filled with stone out to the smoldering rock pile. Fred was down below leaning against a box car, idle as we. He began to talk up to us, and presently fell to describing "pot-rocks"—which are like boulders frozen in the rock strata which ceil a seam of coal—and the way they have of coming loose and falling all of a sudden on the head of any one below.

"I saw a man killed by one of 'em once, down South," Fred said. "We were cutting in a place, and saw the edge of this rock. We cut again, and it was about half out of the rib. The loader came to us pretty soon, and said he'd blasted and loaded this second cutting, and asked us to undercut his coal again. We told him he'd better fix that rock.

"'All right, I fix him. I know.'

"We cut the place again for him. He said he'd fix it. The next time we went around, the rock was two-thirds exposed beyond the rib. You could see its outline in the roof plain. The Hunkie had one prop about the size of a toothpick under it.

"'You prop that up good now before you shoot, see?' we warned him.

"'Sure. I fix all right.'

"Well, the coal's high down there, thick seam. Takes a couple of Hunks about two or three days to clean up a room.

"About three days later fellow came running down the entry like wild.

"'Man killed, man dead!' he was screaming.

"We hurried into the room where the pot-rock was. There was one digger leaning up against a prop, holding his arm and moaning like a coyote. 'Ah, I goin' die! I know I goin' die!"

"'Where's your buddy?'

"'Oh, he there,' pointing at the huge rock which had dropped from the roof, snapping the one little timber. We could see half of the man's body—full length. Just his legs and up to the waist sticking out like a stuffed pair of pants.

"We got a stretcher and fetched the live one out—carried him all the way—a hard job. Doc came, looked him over. The moaning devil had his skin scraped till it was sort of pink.

"'Get the hell out of here!' Doc says to him. And, boy, that Hunkie didn't even stop for his pay. Plumb scared to death.

"But we went back down in the pit with jacks, cut notches in the big rock—it must have weighed near thirty tons—and got the dead fellow out. Half of him was flat. We dumped him in a basket and carried him out. That's all there was to him."

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IV

Though he was only seventeen, I don't understand why Leo had not run away. Perhaps his hatred of his father was a morbid fascination which held him at home.

I believe no one actually worked harder than Leo; and no one got less pay. Early in the morning, on the way to breakfast, I would see him going down to the stables with that peculiar shuffle of his, thrusting his rat-like face forward at each step. Once in a long while a cramp would shoot through his fallen arches, and he would crumple to the ground.

"Hi, Bob!" he would shout upon seeing me. "Hi!" to this person, to that person, every time he passed them throughout his long day.

Sometimes when he overslept his father awakened him with a piece of harness strap. Then Leo would go feed the mules, and bring them to the tipple—a job the father was paid for. He would come up on the tipple later to help me with the coal; and whenever I could I had a bag of cookies there, for I knew he got little to eat at home.

"Gee," he would say, "the old man won't let me have five dollars out of my pay to buy arch supports. He says that's too much. He gives my brother half of his pay, but I get only five dollars a month of mine. That ain't much."

He was so undernourished that on bitter cold days his face turned a bluish color. I hated to have him work with me. But he accepted it all with only the complaint of a deep hatred of his father, "that ol' devil."

And after the day's work on the tipple, while his father, with fat paunch and mealy toothless mouth, ambled around the property, Leo would take the mules as they were brought up from the mine, lead them to the stable, feed them, and finish his day twelve hours after it had begun.

"Hi, Bob!" "Hi, Jim!" I recall his high, thin voice ringing in the pleasant evening air.

These Modern Women

Staying Free

ANONYMOUS

[*We print herewith the eleventh of a series of anonymous articles giving the personal backgrounds of a group of distinguished women with a modern point of view. The next article will appear in* The Nation *for April 13.*]

I CANNOT explain my life without taking into account the free atmosphere which pervaded our home under the influence of my father's genuinely libertarian nature. Our home had in it absolutely no verbotens and our family grammar contained no imperative. We five boisterous children absorbed the spirit of mutual consideration without injunctions or commands.

Father's large library was open to us all at any age. We were never ordered to bed in the middle of an engrossing book but could read all night long if we wished. Dickens, Browning, and Parkman were in his library, of course, but so were Boccaccio, Rabelais, and Gulliver unabridged. And so was Lena Rivers. When we wanted the Elsie books, we got them. If my brother brought home Nick Carter and Diamond Dick they were not thrown out of the window but went the critical round of the family. When Frank Merriwell's weeklies were discovered lying about the house, my father read them aloud to us, laughing over their super-heroism but thoroughly enjoying the thrilling accounts of those olympic baseball games won by Frank and his peerless knights. When the village Comstocks were publicly condemning and secretly devouring Sappho and Camille we all read them with frank appreciation.

We always lived where there was a fireplace and almost every night found us gathered around it, listening to Grimm and the Arabian Nights, Jules Verne, Rider Haggard, Mark Twain. Father loved to read aloud, and through the long evenings in those dull, back-country places we would hear these favorites over and over. At other times he would read to us from his idols—Tom Paine, Ingersoll, Voltaire.

Early in our lives we got accustomed to being unlike other people. To be an atheist in a small town in those days was not unlike what it was to be a pacifist in 1917.

Educational opportunities in the back-water communities where we were obliged to live were so slim that our parents were deeply absorbed in the problem of our education. Various female seminaries were tried for my sisters. By the time I, the youngest, came along, my father was disgusted with the education the others had received. He hated the airs and graces taught them, the artificialities and stupidities which seemed to him so flagrant each time they came back from one of those institutions.

He took upon himself the task of my education and carried it through the grammar grades. He had many a struggle with local school boards and truant officers but always won his point by various methods of delay until his business made it necessary to move to a new community. His work was mining engineering, and he was obliged to go to any place where the company wished a mine developed. Every few years we piled everything we possessed into a freight car and away we trekked a few hundred miles into another little American wilderness. The job of carting five children and a car-load of goods across Ohio, Kentucky, and Missouri did not interrupt my father's enthusiastic direction of my studies of arithmetic and grammar or his interest in my endless adventures into history and geography.

But this delightful, home-made education had its drawbacks. As I approached high-school age I began to realize this. A Christmas visit to an aunt living in a large Middle Western city, with high schools and a university, gave me the idea of going to a real school as soon as possible and then to college. This idea grew into a fixed determination. Although my desire met with no encouragement at home, I never thought of giving it up. I borrowed the railroad fare from my brother, dressed one of our fattest turkeys, packed it into an old-fashioned telescope with a bottle of home-made elder-flower wine and a jar of sausage cakes, and took a train for the city, six hundred miles away.

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Although my father was hurt by my going away he was remarkably generous about it; in later years he even enjoyed saying that he was a victim of his own educational methods.

During my senior year of high school, when the time came in our upper-class literary society to select from the junior class the members for the following year, I was thunderstruck to find that a colored girl, one of the most brilliant students of the school, was not even being considered. When I proposed her name the entire group disapproved violently. My chum and I made so much commotion among both students and teachers, with the staunch backing of our courageous principal, that the girl was finally admitted and proved to be one of the most popular members and an asset to the organization.

From high school I went to the university. There the sorority system struck me as being not only silly but harmful to the spirit of the institution. Jewish girls were not admitted. Poor girls needed exceptional qualities in order to run any chance of election. On the other hand, "dumb-bells" were fought over if their fathers were wealthy or their mothers socially prominent. When rushing time came I turned down the bids I received, to the astonishment of the whole student body, even those most discriminated against.

Women at that time were not allowed to take courses in the medical school of the university—a holy place, sacred to the male students. My high-school chum and I were especially interested in biology and we wished to supplement our studies with a course in bacteriology given only in the medical school. We tried to register for this course but were diplomatically refused. We insisted upon the right to take any course offered by the university. The authorities put us off with that paternal condescension with which the requests of women used to be disposed of. We tried to get other girls in the biology course to back us. They laughed at us. We took it up with some of the men in the bacteriological class. They welcomed us and supported our demand. In the end we marched triumphantly into the bacteria laboratory, and since then courses in that medical school have been open to all students.

Suffrage, at that time, had emerged from the stage of ignorant misrepresentation but was going through a period in some ways more discouraging—supercilious toleration. Most of our classmates were bored by the subject and ignored it. My chum's mother had been a pioneer with Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Anna Shaw and had passed on the enthusiasm of that experience to her daughter. One memorable day we learned that Mrs. Pankhurst had come to America. Eagerly we telegraphed the great militant, asking if she would speak at our college. Nothing can ever match the exhilaration of arranging the meeting for our heroine, advertising it among the students, and making her stay among us count to the utmost for the cause. It was then that I had my first sense of being a part of something fine moving in the world.

On leaving the university, the natural step in those days for a self-supporting woman was into social work. There, even more than in school and college, the frank and free home atmosphere which had been my luck proved its worth. Brought face to face with the ugliest facts of life as a case worker in the red-light district of a cosmopolitan city, the callow college graduate was able to maintain a scientific attitude tempered with human sympathy. It was not long before I became the executive head of one of the many charities of the city, all federated and super-federated into one great philanthropic whole. I was the angel child of a charming group of elderly Lady Bountifuls who adored my dramatic reports of the misery among the special type of poor they had elected to help. But the mitigation of suffering, even under such delightful auspices, began to pall. Like so many others, I wanted to go deeper.

There was probably never a time when the air was so charged with social currents. Civic-reform leagues were active. Muckraking and trust-busting had not gone out of fashion. Single tax held a serious place in the discussions of thoughtful students of society. Prison reform had been given great impetus by the exposures of Thomas Mott Osborne, and the probation system was being widely adopted. Sex hygiene had graduated from the stage of a hobby, and birth control was a question to be courageous about. In this ferment of ideas my well-established habit of intellectual hospitality led me step by step to more fundamental philosophies. The entrance to this new world was through the home of a strong but gentle anarchist woman, whose two children pluckily bore her name amid the ignorant jeers of their schoolmates. My thinking was profoundly affected by those evenings at her home with a group of choice souls out of that smug, crass, over-uplifted, over-settlement-housed city—a printer who would handle only beautiful, intelligent things, using none but the finest paper and the most artistic type faces; a bookseller whose shop was the only place where one could buy the *Masses, Freedom, Bruno's Weekly;* a few foreign-born workers from the local steel mills, vibrant, earnest idealists of the type who would neither scab in a strike nor take part in a war; a dancing teacher, fresh from the influence of Isadora Duncan, making a daring struggle for beauty and self-expression. I joined her class and wrote indignant letters to the local papers defending her work when the Purity League and the Daisy Chainers would have driven her out of town.

At this stimulating stage Lochinvar arrived, not out of the West but from my own immediate milieu—the executive head of one of the leading philanthropic organizations of the city. He also was realizing the futility of social palliatives and was having difficulties with his directors because of his too frank exposure of local industrial and housing conditions and his ardent interest in the anti-preparedness agitation. About this time I was warned by my lady managers that my enthusiasms were carrying me too far. These official mutterings, however, did not deter either of us.

Lochinvar's difficulties inevitably increased. He finally received an abrupt notice of dismissal and we decided to go to New York to live. We have never regretted giving up the secure life of the social worker for the rough and tumble struggle for existence which is the lot of most self-supporting people. My real life seemed only then to begin. It was entirely honest, it was a full life, and it was my own.

The country was then wallowing in the war orgy. There were raids, arrests, imprisonment. Radical leaders were being tried for publishing a magazine, writing a book, or making a speech. Employers' associations, with the aid of complaisant district attorneys, were squaring old accounts with union organizers. Whether it was building up a defense organization, preparing a gigantic protest meeting against conscription, or attempting to elect Morris Hillquit mayor of New York, I was there.

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It was the most logical thing in the world that I should join in the militant suffrage activity at Washington, do my time in jail, and win my badge of honor. What a glorious company of emancipated women they were! There was not one of us who did not come out of that experience with less awe of policeman, judge, and established ideas and with a clearer understanding of the true nature of authority.

I did not tarry long in the doctrinaire stage of those who "belong" to this or that. After the tumult and the shouting of 1916-1920 died down, it was possible to think out the fundamentals. I understood better what the printer and the bookseller and those steel-workers were aiming at. The utmost measure of freedom—economic, intellectual, emotional—is the *sine qua non* of the good life.

In the more intimate application of this philosophy, eleven years of a free and uninterruptedly happy association surely prove something. We have never felt the need to sanctify our union with lay or clerical formalities. There is a rare spiritual value in the consciousness that mutual desire is the only tie that binds. Nor have we been willing to cut down our freedom in order to increase the census figures. With "childless old age" not so very far away, we still maintain that there is more genuine companionship to be had with chosen friends of similar age and experience than with immature fledglings of another generation.

As I look back over our eleven happy years I feel sure that our relationship would not have been so harmonious or complete if either of us had stressed the conventional idea of exclusive mutual possession. As my own thinking grows I am finding it quite conceivable that there may be room in my life for other close relationships. Deep human affection is a rich source of happiness in this drab world. Women are finding out this great truth and are accepting it.

Christian Schools in China

By EDWARD H. HUME

FIVE years ago the late President Ernest Burton of Chicago went to China as chairman of a Christian educational commission. With unerring instinct he foresaw—and foretold—that the Christian colleges there would come on days of difficulty with the educational forces of the land. He recognized that there might be a sharp division between those who felt that in institutions set up under church boards Christian services and Christian teaching should be required and those who believed that a more spiritual religion might be imparted if option were permitted in these matters. His deepest belief on the subject was stated in the last address he ever made concerning Christian education in China, at a conference in New York two years ago. It is a memorable credo:

> I believe that we ought to be ready to make any adjustment whatever in order to achieve the fundamental purpose for which we are maintaining Christian education in China. . . . I hope the time will never come when we shall have to face the question of conducting schools in which no religion can be taught. But if we should have to face that question, what would be our answer? My answer would be that I would stay in China; that I would stay and seek to express the Christian spirit by giving the most helpful service I could render to the Chinese, even if they refused to let me give them in words what they cannot and will not refuse me the opportunity of expressing in life. . . . Even if we are forbidden to give any direct Christian teaching, I, therefore, plead that we may be ready to make any adjustments which may seem necessary, in order that we may continue to be able to make our contribution—as large a contribution as possible—to the welfare of China.

Within a year after these words were uttered, the Ministry of Education in Peking issued new "Regulations Governing the Recognition of Educational Institutions Established by Funds Contributed from Foreigners"; and in November, 1926, the Kuomintang, or Nationalist Government in Canton, issued "Regulations for Private Schools," which apply to Christian schools as well as to private Chinese institutions. In their essence, these two sets of regulations are identical. Six points are covered:

1. Christian institutions can no longer be recognized as in a special class, but are given the status of "private" schools and must be so designated. This status has been desired by a majority of Christian educators for some time past.
2. The administration must be in the hands of Chinese. According to the Peking regulations of 1925 a foreign principal may continue in schools where one is already functioning, but in such cases a Chinese vice-principal shall be appointed and shall have charge of dealings with the government in educational matters. The majority of the members of the managing board, wherever there is one, shall be Chinese. The Nationalist requirements are that the principal must be a Chinese, that there must be a local managing board, and that its chairman, as well as a majority of the members, must be Chinese. A foreigner may, in special cases, be invited to act as adviser to the administration.
3. Both sets of regulations insist that the curriculum, inspection, etc., shall be the same as in other private schools, the Nationalists requiring closer control of the institution by the educational authorities.
4. The Peking regulations insist that religious propaganda shall not be introduced into the teaching of other subjects, but do not interfere with the freedom to teach religion and hold religious services. The Nationalists forbid "religious propaganda in class teaching."
5. While freedom to teach religion and to conduct religious exercises is permitted in both sets of regulations, both state clearly that "students cannot be required to attend classes in religion or required to participate in religious exercises."
6. The Peking authorities have not announced any intention of compelling schools to register. The Nationalists announce that "all private schools not yet registered shall apply for registration within the prescribed period." For Kwantung and Hunan provinces the period ends April 1, 1928.

When the Peking regulations were issued, opinion was divided among the administrators of Christian colleges. This was made very evident at a Conference of Christian Colleges held in Shanghai in February, 1926. Some of the educators regarded the terms offered as reasonable, perhaps

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the best that could be looked for; and they urged acceptance. Others demurred. They felt that the Christian purpose for which the institutions were established would fail of fulfilment if it was not permitted to require Christian teaching and attendance at Christian services. They believed that the regulations deprived private schools of the liberty that should be theirs, and, in particular, of the religious liberty assured by the new constitution of the republic. They feared also that American Christians might withhold their subscriptions from institutions established under church boards.

Few realized at that time how rapid was to be the advance of the Nationalist cause. As the year wore on, however, and it became apparent that severer, rather than more lenient, terms were likely to be required in those regions where the Nationalist party gained control, opinion veered. By the first of the present year only five of the seventeen Christian colleges remained unwilling to register on the terms proposed, that is, on the official terms set down by both governments. It is essential to bear in mind that local provincial committees, in the area controlled by the Nationalist Government, have taken the reins into their own hands and have announced, in a few places, supplementary rules of a drastic sort. In the province of Hunan, for instance, where the extreme left wing of the Nationalists is in power, the added rules state that history, economics, sociology, etc., may only be taught by teachers who are members of the Nationalist Party; that the character of the teaching in these subjects shall conform to the program laid down by the extremist section; that fees be lowered to a point which will permit the children of the masses to have the education they desire, etc. It becomes evident that in such an area education is designed to become nothing more than a political instrument. For the time being, Christian schools and colleges in Hunan have ceased to function; but no one who knows the innate tendency of the Chinese to moderation can believe that a storm of this sort will last for long.

Chinese educational authorities, then, propose to insist on four things: (1) All private institutions, including the Christian schools and colleges, must come under government regulation; (2) all schools shall be administered by Chinese; (3) true religious freedom must be permitted; religious teaching and religious services will be allowed, but may not be required of any student; (4) in general, the school curriculum shall follow the regulations of the government authorities; in areas controlled by the Nationalists, this is summed up in the statement that "nothing destructive of the principles of the revolution as embodied in Dr. Sun's 'Three Principles of the People' can be permitted."

In a time of crisis, each college must determine its own course of action. Taking a long look, however, there can be no two opinions. Christian colleges must accept a place as part of the Chinese educational system. There is no reason to fear that the investment made in Christian education in the past will be destroyed. The time is clearly here when those who have the care of Christian colleges must put into the hands of Chinese leaders the work begun by foreigners. The colleges have supposedly existed to train Chinese leadership for just such a time as this, and today they are challenged to demonstrate their sincerity. In some places, as in Hunan Province, the storm of extremism may make it wise to keep all Christian institutions closed for a time. In some places it may be felt that Chinese leadership is not yet ripe. The call is sounding, however, for the transfer to that leadership, letting it find its way, by trial and error. For those who hear the call, and who have the daring to attempt the new program, greater things than ever lie ahead for Christian education in China.

In the Driftway

THE editors of the *Delineator* have caused a great to-do among writers by the announcement that they do not wish any more unsolicited contributions. They obtain so little from this source, they say, that it doesn't pay for the reading; they can get all the material they want by applying to authors known to them, or through literary agents. The Drifter can't recall any writing of his own that he ever sent to the *Delineator*, and certainly doesn't remember any that he ever read in it. So he can approach the controversy with his usual absence of bias—which is not saying much. He surmises that what riles the writers—and rightly—is not so much the decision to read no more unsolicited manuscript as the gratuitous advice to authors that they should market their merchandise through literary agents.

* * * * *

FOR where are all these literary agents, eager and competent to help the author? The new writer, or the old one either for that matter, knows less about literary agents than about the magazines. And a good many literary agents know less about the magazines than the newest writer. A good many don't care a hoot in the hot place about either. They subsist on the reading fees which are asked of all authors unknown to them—not quite the same as unknown authors—before any effort is made to place the manuscript. And supposing that a reliable and competent literary agent is found—for there are such—it is still necessary to pay a commission, averaging about 10 per cent, on all sales. Probably this is not excessive. In fact from his observation of miscellaneous manuscripts the Drifter would say that the authors of most such screeds should be happy to pay a 99 per cent commission to anybody who could find a home for them. But the literary agent is a middleman, and middlemen are parasites and the curse of our age—at least so the Drifter hears it said by other types of parasites and curses of a different sort.

* * * * *

BUT, as usual, in the controversy over editors, authors, and literary agents we have lost sight of the reader. He is the real sufferer. Magazine-making has vastly changed in twenty-five years. The editor used to depend upon the whole field of writers for ideas and information. His work was primarily selective—his notion of the best that was submitted. The magazine, in a sense, was cooperatively edited. It had the individuality, the variability inherent in such a method. The modern magazine is office-made. Its contents and ideas are determined by from one to half a dozen editors, who send the work out to be done according to specifications, sometimes in Fifth Avenue hotels, sometimes in Harlem sweatshops. Such a magazine has more drive as a propaganda power and probably more scope as a circulation getter than its predecessor. Obviously it has come to stay—for a while. But it has less range and less flavor than the older type of periodical. Neces-

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sarily so. For its editors almost always live in New York City and are inoculated with the prejudices of the class that earns and spends there from $5,000 to $25,000 a year. All they see is what goes on in the subway between their apartments and their offices; all they know is what they read in the other editors' magazines.

* * * * *

IF the Drifter were an editor under such handicaps, he would welcome the chance of a new idea, even at the cost of reading unsolicited manuscripts. Of course it involves a lot of work for a small return. But to be a good editor *is* a lot of work. Possibly that's why there are so few of them—and so many *Delineators*. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Some Love Prize Poems—Some Do Not

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just read for the third time your prize poem, This Foreman. It is with a sensation not unlike a thrill of joy that I find at last a publication with the vision and daring to award a prize to so distinctively and beautifully modern a piece of work.

Boston, Massachusetts, February 12 D. F. ROBINSON

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Our interest in American poetry and our great admiration for the distinction, courageous idealism, and social vision of your magazine compel us to protest against the selection of This Foreman as your prize poem for 1927. This artificial mixture of realism and phantasy is inchoate and absurd. It is, however, decidedly in line with the series of sterilely intellectual, emotionally impotent, essentially unpoetic *tours de force* which have been selected as your prize poems in the past. Incidentally neither of us submitted a poem in this contest.

Norwalk, Conn., February 13 LUCIA TRENT,
RALPH CHEYNEY,
Editors of *Contemporary Verse*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am very fond of poetry. I read all kinds, the good with the awful. Perhaps of all living poets I love and enjoy the slender output of A. E. Housman the most. Now, I have just read *The Nation's* prize poem for 1927, This Foreman. Does This Foreman portray, possibly in the guise of Satan, the relentless fate that dogs the calling of our iron-workers, or does it tell in lyric form a story of Capital taking another swipe at Labor? I'm not knocking the poem, you understand—I simply don't know what it's all about, and I really would like to know.

Oradell, New Jersey, February 20 HENRY T. BELLEW

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I read your prize poem, This Foreman, by Thomas H. Ferril, to a roomful of people—lawyers and merchants—and the effect was electric. Not one of these men practiced poetry, but they had keen senses and lively imaginations; and it affected them to a man. One friend, who has had a lifelong interest in the arts, said that This Foreman stands up. Indeed it does; and it cuts into new frontiers of emotion.

Mr. Ferril has managed to fuse into a whole an emotion which others have attempted to convey by tricks of style: his reaction to the modes of modern life, their starkness and sudden melodrama, catapulted from darkness and destroying mind and body of the victim. He does it in the spare and direct way of steel, symbol of the essential attitudes supporting our civilization. Steel and industrial life have power over us; and the very web of steel we are building may be our doom. Mr. Ferril, without trickery, has caught the swing and broad-backed rhythms of this life as Marin has caught them in his etchings and water-colors—with sudden truncated rhythms and restrained but profound lyrical exaltation. In this poem is contained a hint of the music that will unfold with increasing power and passion in the future.

Jackson Heights, L. I., March 12 D. LIEBOVITZ

Why Cars Kill

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a letter to you Bertrand Shadwell says: "If Mr. Ford really objects to capital punishment he should reduce the speed of his automobiles to a safe and reasonable limit, and induce other manufacturers to do the same."

If Mr. Ford should reduce the speed of his cars, competitors would eat right into his business. If Mr. Ford should induce the leading automobile men of this country to set a speed limit—what would stop those who want speed from buying fast foreign cars? Not Mr. Ford but the buying public is responsible for accidents that result from fast driving. When people demand a car with moderate speed the manufacturers will compete to please them.

Washington, D. C., March 16 HUBERT B. TITCOMB

A Fair-Minded Catholic Asks Fairness of Us

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your correspondent Charles W. Ervin asks questions irrelevant to the main point at issue. All I intended to show was that the Catholics in this country understand the present situation in Mexico. True, the official announcement of the Episcopate came only in December, but such a document is not written overnight. The present trouble in Mexico started in February, 1926, and the hierarchy did not meet until September. A consideration of the scholarship of the pastoral letter should induce my critic to concede that no time was lost in getting it out.

We are not afraid to call a spade a spade. The human element in the church very many times seems to have gotten the best of the divine. The sad case of Fathers Hidalgo and Morelos and the Spanish Inquisition in Mexico my critic will find fully discussed in the Catholic Encyclopedia. I am fully in sympathy with Dr. Carlton H. J. Hayes, who in the *Commonweal* writes: "If the hierarchy had been closer to the masses they would themselves have been real leaders of a truly popular movement, and of a movement which, under the actual leadership of Fathers Hidalgo, Morelos, Torres, and dozens of other Mexican priests, was as Christian and Catholic as it was patriotic. The subsequent history of independent Mexico might have been better and happier." No doubt, serious mistakes were made by members of the church in Mexico in the fields of economics and social welfare, and obviously the present rulers of that unhappy country are taking the fullest advantage of those mistakes. Yet no *finer* type of people could be found than among the poor and hard-working Mexicans even in this country. I had the privilege to labor among them in Texas for more than twelve years, and although they lacked many of the modern conveniences, they were a noble, chivalrous, and, above all, a happy people; and this in the main owing to their deep religious faith. The padres did their work well. Judge Talley's opinion as to the embargo is entirely his own; others, whose opinions carry more weight with Catholics, want the embargo upheld.

In conclusion, let me add a word of advice to some of my coreligionists. The stand *The Nation* is taking today in regard to the Mexican trouble is a matter of bitter criticism among us, and I myself cannot see how it is doing justice to both sides.

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But let us not forget that there was a day in the not very distant past when we rightly deserved the same criticism we are heaping today on the head of *The Nation*. At a moment when, as seldom before in the history of the world, brute force reigned supreme and the dictates of Christian morality and plain decency were laughed to scorn, when the Christian civilization of a whole continent hung in the balance, when the *Osservatore Romano* spoke of the most cruel and diabolical peace ever imposed upon a conquered foe, when the Holy Father pleaded for sanity and charity and justice among nations, we were either silent or drunk with mad nationalism. In the deep silence (or worse) of pulpit and press it was *The Nation* that stood out as the intrepid advocate of the outcast and the under-dog and called victor and vanquished alike back to their senses in burning words which deserve to ring down through the ages. Courage and consistency are some of the indispensable qualities of true moral leadership.

Columbus, Ohio, March 10 F. DREES

Who Chooses Your Books?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the United States today between 50 and 75 per cent of the population live from fifty to a thousand miles from anything like adequate bookstores. In the large cities where there are good bookstores, many people who like to read good new books have not the leisure to wade through reviews or spend the time in bookshops to find them. Actually both the reader in the country and the busy reader in the city rely largely on the recommendation of bookstore clerks. All large bookstores have hundreds of customers on their books who have left carte blanche orders for new books to be sent them at stated intervals—these books to be chosen by the booksellers' assistants.

Anyone who has listened to bookstore conversations can realize what a large number of readers depart carrying volumes that have been bought solely on the clerk's recommendation. The careful judgment of a group of eminent critics and writers should prove quite as valuable to the public as the haphazard selections of bookstore clerks, who often make a point of pushing a book for no other reason than that the store is overstocked.

The Literary Guild is as opposed to "literary goosestepping" as your correspondent, Mr. Blumenberg; when he charges it with making for standardization, he is confusing numbers with quality. And the guild offers but one book a month. Anyone who cares for reading at all is able to assimilate more than one good book a month, and subscribers to the guild can still find time to do their own adventuring among books.

The guild makes no claim of being the Joan of Arc of literature, but it does offer a simple means of obtaining twelve good new books easily and economically. In this age of magazines running into millions of copies, which all print notoriously standardized material, any person who stops to consider the matter dispassionately will welcome the guild as a step away from standardization.

THE LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, INC.,
New York, March 14 JOHN WILLIAM ROGERS

Well, Maybe

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Any intelligent boy who has had compulsory military drill for four years in high school has thereby been vaccinated against war hysteria. The dulness and complete absence of any mental stimulus in the whole process make it the most perfect pacifist argument ever devised. It does so much to puncture the hollow words of our junkers that it is difficult to see why pacifists keep up such a din against a system which serves them so well.

Cambridge, Miss., February 27 ALFRED S. CLARK

After 90 Years

FOR ninety years people have held meetings to talk about housing conditions, and now something is being done about it.

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Books and Plays

When Women Talk

By MARCIA NARDI

When women talk,
A flower is robbed of loam;
When men converse,
A fruit is basketed.
The latter is fulfilment,
But the first,
A desecrance like ravaging the dead.

A plum or grape that's left upon the ground
To rot untasted
Is partly wasted . . .
Its sweetness never being known.
But strewn upon the grass,
What beauty petals have
May, better than in vases,
Be computed.

Say silence then is loam,
From which a woman's soul
Need never be uprooted.

First Glance

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT introduces the fourteen portraits of contemporary Americans which she has included in "Fire Under the Andes" (Knopf: $4) with the warning that they are not in keeping with "the sharp biographical method now in fashion." As a matter of fact they are—the quotation as it stands applies perfectly to Miss Sergeant's book. I think no sharper eye has looked at people in our time. Miss Sergeant, presumably, had Lytton Strachey in mind; but the difference between the two is not a difference of method. Both essayists are brilliantly selective in their use of details; and Miss Sergeant, when she says with reference to her people that she has been, "through a sort of identification with them that is, perhaps, more common in a fiction writer than in a biographer, seeking to understand and to present what they were doing and wishing to do on this planet," is only describing the process of Mr. Strachey in "Eminent Victorians." Both essayists too are interested exclusively in persons who have fire burning within or beneath them. The difference, which is of course important, is that whereas Mr. Strachey, by treating his people as fanatics, implied a criticism of their aims, Miss Sergeant, by treating hers as merely inspired, accepts their aims without cavil. She frankly admires, even adores, all of her fourteen Americans; she has understood them in order to recommend them. The difference, then, is one not of method but of attitude.

Miss Sergeant runs to authors and to New Englanders, but she does not stop there. Authors predominate—Amy Lowell, Eugene O'Neill, Elinor Wylie, H. L. Mencken, Willa Cather, and Robert Frost. There are, however, two scientists (William Alanson White and Alice Hamilton), one artist of the stage (Robert Edmond Jones), one professor (Charles Townsend Copeland), one journalist (William Allen White), one actress (Pauline Lord), one actor (Paul Robeson), and one jurist (Oliver Wendell Holmes). Justice Holmes, whose portrait is a particularly fine one, appeals to Miss Sergeant in his capacity of author too; and incidentally he has furnished her with a quotation which I imagine illuminates her attitude toward all of the other thirteen. "'It cost me some years of doubt and unhappiness,' the Justice has avowed, 'before I could say to myself: "The law is part of the universe—if the universe can be thought about, one part must reveal it as much as another to one who can see that part. It is only a question if you have the eyes."'" Miss Sergeant has seen all of her people in the light of some universal vision in their eyes of which their artistic or professional activities are only shadows. She could not have become interested, it seems, in an actress who was merely an actress; the actress must be an artist, the artist must be adjusted to the universe and important in it.

Paradoxically, and quite naturally, it is because of her intense occupation with universals that Miss Sergeant can be so effectively particular in her portraits. That is why she makes us see Amy Lowell, for instance, so clearly—both as a body and as a mind. The detail of William Alanson White's half-hour alone each day, or of Elinor Wylie's silver pen, or of Pauline Lord's frightened voice, or of H. L. Mencken's baby-blue eyes, or of Robert Frost's gray skin, or of Justice Holmes's Harvard secretary—any one of these is more than picturesque. It is revealing. Miss Sergeant reminds us that good biographers, like other good artists, are possessed of a metaphysic and an imagination.

MARK VAN DOREN

Turkey, Egypt, India

The Changing East. By J. A. Spender. Frederick A. Stokes. $4.

IN this record of recent journeys to Turkey, Egypt, and India by one of the ablest journalists of our time liberals will find much to interest and encourage them. For Mr. Spender is a political investigator of no ordinary competence. He brought with him not only a wide range of political experience but special knowledge gained from earlier visits to two of these three lands of unrest. Egypt he had studied in 1919-1920, as a member of the Milner Mission, and he had spent several months in India fourteen years ago. Turkey was new to him, as it is new to everyone, even to the Turks themselves, for the present Turkey is a post-war transformation scene.

Though we have vivid travel pictures in all his chapters, it is the political enigmas presented by these countries that are his absorbing topics. The Turkish situation he presents in Constantinople and Angora. "Constantinople is the unsolved problem of the New Turkey. Kemal has deliberately turned his back on Constantinople and taken his Government into the wilds of Asia Minor"—a feat of almost incredible difficulty and daring, undertaken to escape the paralyzing influence of the West. No man of less personality than Kemal, the all-potent statesman of the New Turkey, could have attempted this task. Its success remains doubtful. For the politically enfeebled Constantinople remains a chief gateway to the East, a coveted object to its European neighbors. Mr. Spender takes for granted the wisdom of the enforced breakup of pre-war Turkey, though regretting the mishandling of the Mosul affairs by Britain.

Frankly admitting "the series of blunders which has produced the present situation" in Egypt, he sees no final and immediate remedy. For he firmly indorses the imperialist thesis

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that complete independence cannot be accorded to Egypt either in her own interest or in Britain's. For Egypt lies so directly along the highway to India that we cannot "let her go" entirely. "So long as we have an Eastern empire, we and the Egyptians must live together. Our partnership may take different forms, but it cannot be dissolved." Indeed, the educated Egyptians do not seriously desire our exodus, notwithstanding their agitating propaganda. For they know that the choice is "between one kind of patron and another—the British patron, the French patron, the Italian patron." In other words, we must safeguard by what force is necessary "the security of the Suez Canal, the *status quo* in the Sudan, the maintenance of order and solvency in Egypt proper." With these simple provisos we are willing to give sovereignty and independence! It is fair, however, to insist, as Mr. Spender does, upon the real services, economic and political, that the British occupation has rendered to the Egyptian people.

The Indian problem is more entangled, but Mr. Spender does his best to straighten out the main issues. He shows us the new spirit of unrest, partly as an industrial and religious reaction against the West, partly as the expression of a new and fervent patriotism. American readers will find a clearer and more compact presentment of the situation than they can elsewhere in the same compass. Mr. Spender is far from despondent. He detects an improved state of feeling since his last visit. The British officials are abandoning what he terms the "Peter Pan theory" under which the competent Indian civil servant was the ideal permanent guardian for a child never destined to grow up. On the other hand, he thinks that India is far too deeply committed to Western ways to wish to revert to her old life—social, economic, or political. Mr. Spender gives life and reality to his study by accounts of his visits to three famous Indians—the poet Tagore, the saint Gandhi, and the cricketer-prince Ranjitsinhjo, who administers patriarchal justice in the little state of Nawanager. A most informing and delightful book.

J. A. HOBSON

The Eighteenth-Century South

Two Gentlemen in Bonds. By John Crowe Ransom. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

THE fourth volume of John Crowe Ransom's poetry is not the equal in brilliant variety of technical effect or in range of subject-matter of "Chills and Fever," issued in 1924. But on the whole it is nevertheless the qualitative equal of anything else he has done. And to one who has followed the growth of Mr. Ransom's art from the beginning—a privilege only a few had, and one not so widely coveted, by the method of belated recovery, as it should be—the present collection precipitates the particular essence which is Ransom. The essence is here stripped of the equivocating decoration and virtuosity which have given his art much of its charm yet concealed its chief intentions from all but the most curious and unwearying eyes. It may be, of course, that further additions to the testament complete now with this volume would cry out redundancy—that Mr. Ransom had overwritten himself. However that may be, there would seem to be some profit in the attempt to isolate his motives and qualities, now that they are, from the artistic point of view, fully delineated; and this inquiry entails some comment upon his position in space and time, and upon his origins in that continuum.

In this connection it is worth recalling to mind that certain of Mr. Robert Graves's remarks on Mr. Ransom's English publication, "Grace After Meat," constitute one of the most astonishing criticisms of American poetry, among many astonishing criticisms, that we have yet heard. Mr. Graves, in effect, announced to the British public that here was a poet giving utterance to the illiterates and poor white of Tennessee, erroneously connecting Mr. Ransom with the Middle West revival then in progress for some years. Involved in Mr. Graves's assertion were two mistakes—a mistake in identifying Ransom's subject-matter (and this it would be impossible to condone even in Professor Phelps) and a mistaken analysis of the quality of intellect controlling and illuminating the material. For Mr. Ransom is the last pure manifestation of the culture of the eighteenth-century South; the moral issues which emerge transfigured in his poetry are the moral issues of his section, class, culture, referred to their simple, fundamental properties. It is a great error to attribute the Southern quality to post-bellum sentimentalism alone, and to repudiate it at its best. The mistake must be charged to that corruption in the critical mind which supposes the vulgar fripperies and superior rudenesses of Mr. James Branch Cabell to be representative of his culture.

Two of Mr. Ransom's qualities in especial connect him with the culture which in its prime registered its genius in politics and law: rationalism and the code of *noblesse oblige*. These qualities, informing every poem, dictate the direction of his artistic vision from all starting-points whatever. Rationalism, not in the sense popularized by the *philosophes*, but in the older and purer sense of the humane tradition, a tradition lying at the very core of the old Southern order, stiffens his poetry with an irony and lucidity, and a subtlety, which elevate it with a unique distinction in the present American scene. His rationalism is the evaluating instrument of the code of honor; it gives the code profundity and edge; it is the weapon of casuistry. The system of casuistry appears in a kind of solemn dandyism, but back of the dandyism lurks a profound stoicism, and an immovable detachment which feeds upon an intellect always sufficient unto itself. All the emotional crises of Mr. Ransom's poems, even of the occasional essays into sheer lyricism like Vision by Sweetwater, hinge upon the single conviction—*noblesse oblige*. There are, of course, two sides to the medallion; in poems like The Equilibrists and Dead Boy, more vaguely if more subtly in the sonnets Two Gentlemen in Bonds, Mr. Ransom can render a beautiful commentary upon his tragic personal vision because he accepts the code within which the characters struggle; elsewhere, when he cannot accept their code, as in Amphibious Crocodile, he pours out the meager yet venomous acid of his satire. In every poem he is either the satirist or the ironist; and as a fine minor artist he has always the same thing to say, in new and unpredictable images.

ALLEN TATE

Fresh and Sophisticated

One Crystal and a Mother. By Ellen DuPois Taylor. Harper and Brothers. $2.

ELLEN DUPOIS TAYLOR first crossed my path in the remarkable short story "Calico" reprinted in "Transatlantic Stories." That was the drama of a Dakota farm and village, as stark as the treeless Dakota plains on which Mrs. Taylor spent her own childhood. This new book, her first novel, tells in the first person the story of a hard-boiled virgin of thirty who comes to Chicago from the prairies to seek adventure and finds it as a sob-sister on the *Times*.

Here is the swift flow of a city seen through a fresh though sophisticated gaze. The "I" by whom the story is told had spent long nights and days on that Dakota farm with Madame de Sévigné and Ninon de Lenclos. She had yearned to be kissed by a clean-shaven young man "who did not think Verlaine a new kind of horse liniment," and wondered, in wistful cosmopolitan dreams, how absinthe would taste in the company of George Moore. It was with discrimination as well as avidity that she watched the motley reel of rich man, poor man, beggar man, and thief which is the peculiar spectacle of the reporter on a big city daily.

Now that John Gunther is being hailed as a young Aldous Huxley come out of the Middle West because of the alleged sophistication and erudition of his Chicago story, "The Red Pavilion," I am afraid that a like superficiality will bracket

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the names of Mrs. Taylor and Carl Van Vechten—afraid because Mrs. Taylor has powerful qualities of her own which might be obscured by offhand comparisons. Certainly to my way of thinking, Mr. Van Vechten might have been proud to have created the fabulous Clementes, Crystal and her mother, who give the book its title; or the hemi-plegic Baron Liebenhofen, Dr. George Barbe Bleu, Miss Towerhight of Virginia, Grigio, and the rest. They are as gorgeous and as erudite as the companions of Campaspe. Yet behind the fun and the fable there lies a hard, clear depth of wisdom which gives them a vitality more resistant than the silken cushions against which Mr. Van Vechten's folk lie.

The explanation lies, I fancy, in that Dakota background, in the fact that Mrs. Taylor had learned to see and accept kitchen chairs before she stepped into an environment of *chaises longues*. She had mastered a realistic corner of the universe before she embarked in this wise and poetic extravaganza; it forms not a smart escape, but a further elucidation of processes of life which must always remain mysterious to those who are sensitive and intelligent. Perhaps most of the best nonsense grows out of learning and sober experience in a world which is here and now. "Thomas Ingoldsby" (Richard Harris Barham) was a deeply respected clergyman and a learned antiquarian; Lewis Carroll, a mathematician and an ordained deacon; W. S. Gilbert, magistrate for Middlesex; and Stephen Leacock is a professor of political economy.

MARY ROSS

Women at Work

Occupations for Women. Edited by O. Latham Hatcher. Richmond, Virginia: Southern Woman's Educational Alliance. $3.50.

Fields of Work for Women. By Miriam Simons Leuck. D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

THE object of the editors of "Occupations for Women," one of the few interesting books in its field, has been to give as human and as social an interpretation of the various occupations open for women as is consistent with the mass of information to be included. The book is intended as an aid to all those called upon to advise girls in the choice of an occupation and for the use of the girls themselves. It is based upon interviews with 1,173 men and women from whom schedules were filed, upon correspondence with various specialists, and upon compilations from printed sources. Specialists consulted under the head of writing include James Branch Cabell and Ellen Glasgow. After each of the twenty-eight chapters on the leading occupations a report is made on women engaged in that occupation in the two cities of Richmond, Virginia, and Atlanta, Georgia. Thus the flavor of actuality is secured, as it was in Filene's "Careers for Women," while the choppy presentation of the Filene book has been avoided. Most of all, "Occupations for Women" benefits from the calm and unified approach which makes each topic studied appear as an integrated part of the division of social labor. There is no prating about the dignity of work, but the entire book has been conceived in a manner for which the word dignity is the only one suitable.

Dr. Hatcher feels that Southern women, coming late to the world of the occupations, may catch the stimulus from women in the other parts of the country and move forward in some cases more rapidly because of this late entrance. Occupations in which women are engaged are classified under three heads: those which the public considers especially suited to women, such as nursing and teaching of children; those usually accepted as suitable for both men and women, such as creative arts and social work; and those accepted as primarily for men, such as medicine, law, and engineering. More important even than the general low grading of women within any occupational field open to both sexes there is found to be "a sub-zone of activity, one usually down below the level where the business or profession as such begins, and in which the work is entirely performed by women." To this zone, by the working of an apparently unerring instinct, the routine and mechanical detail, stripped of real initiative, is relegated as rapidly as it can be analyzed and segregated. It is one which the masculine sex enters only to decide what is to be done." Thus in thousands of organizations women are found to have become the mental hewers of wood and drawers of water. This is partly ascribed to the prevalent business conception of women as "detail-minded," although no psychological evidence exists of this, and partly, among other things, to the spirit of compromise and discouragement which often grows upon the pioneer woman professional worker. Further handicaps are found in the lack of vocational information open to women and the fact that most women grope their way into an occupation, and in the meagerness of education of many women workers.

Miriam Simons Leuck's book is written in simpler fashion, and is addressed primarily to girls and women who have completed at least one or two years of high-school work. It makes the very excellent point that girls must begin to gain an acquaintance with the occupational world in the same fashion as their brothers—by odd jobs, summer work, etc. On a larger scale this idea has been put into practice at Goucher College and at Antioch, where the attempt is made to combine academic work with the gaining of experience in the occupations. After several brief preliminary chapters some twenty chapters are devoted to an analysis of occupations open to women. In the discussion of "why women fail" Mrs. Leuck's emphasis on tardiness and conversation during office hours as causes of women's failure seems a bit naive, while the assertion made here and later that the married woman is a more desirable employee than the unmarried can only be regarded as a wish-fulfilment. She declares that the married woman is usually better disciplined; that the department store welcomes a married woman because she can better appreciate the point of view of the buyer for the family; and that in general the married woman has an advantage in competing for such posts as dean of women. All of which is apple-sauce. However, the point of view is optimistic and sane, and much practical advice is given from which a young girl worker might profit—if she could be induced to read the book.

LORINE PRUETTE

A Chastened Tabby

Doomsday. By Warwick Deeping. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THIS new novel by the author of "Sorrell and Son" is a study of a shallow woman. The first of the three parts, Bean Flower and Hay Time, is a fragrant cinema of the English soil and of the man, the farmer, who is responsible for its successful processes. Arnold Furze, a gentleman and not a peasant, does not permit the land to brutalize him, although at times it comes perilously near doing so. The descriptions of Mary Viner and of spring in the Sussex meadows are the truly lovable portion.

A strong contrast to this Arcady from which a discontented and ambitious girl escapes is furnished in the section called Orchid House. It is an artificial episode and it glides by us surface deep, for the author has not soaked up Wayfleet as he has Sussex, although Clare the sister is admirable—a transparent miniature done in hard lines. So also are Hesketh Viner and his wife, pathetic counter-portraits drooping in a corner. With their death the story goes on the down grade. Mary's matrimonial venture is a failure, the millionaire, Percival Fream, a strange incoherent machine which stalls heavily at the last. After he is disposed of Mary reappears, poverty stricken, to assume avidly the tasks she shirked before in careful preparation for life with her neglected farmer.

We wish that Arnold of the despised country mud had shaken her off forever. But Arnold, as big, gruff, and aloof as a Scotch sheep-dog and a trifle too atmospheric, though

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very, very consistent, is tired, abominably lonely, and sensitive to repeated onslaughts. Mary comes after him bodily and there is the inevitable conclusion. We are left with no feeling of intense interest in Mary, for she is not built on large enough lines to be a Joanna Godden; her final surrender is too abject. How different is the figure of Joanna, who could take or leave with sincerity and nobility because she is of the earth, from that of Mary Viner, a comfortable little pussy cat, a chastened tabby who has learned her lesson by having her cream snatched away!

LAURA BENÉT

Jazz, That Ubiquitous Spirit!

So This is Jazz! By Henry O. Osgood. Little, Brown and Company. $3.

"JAZZ: (*orig.* Africa) *v.* to enliven; *pop.* to pep up; *adj.* jazzy, applied to manners, morals, and especially music; *n.* jazz, pepped-up music—or pepped-up most anything else." Mr. Osgood's definition embraces his own book, which is most concisely described as a small amount of desired information, a greater amount of undesired opinion, and an overabundance of undesirable pepping-up (the effort for color and smartness in the manner is undesirable when it causes a writer to look less steadfastly at the matter, and when the result is color and smartness in statements but contradiction between them. Mr. Osgood's third chapter is an awful example of the power of words to obscure and corrupt thought. In it the confused reasoning that follows is further confused by the manner of the expression).

It is clear enough that when we use the word jazz we mean not *any* pepped-up music but one type; and this must be clear to Mr. Osgood, for he begins the chapter by accepting as correct the musical definition of Mr. Virgil Thomson: "Jazz, in brief, is a compound of (a) the fox-trot rhythm . . . and (b) a syncopated melody over this rhythm." But his attention is distracted by the subject of jazzing serious music; and when he resumes after three pages it is to reject both the syncopation and the fox-trot rhythm he had accepted (and other supposed characteristics as well) and to insist upon the "unbuttoned" spirit as alone essential. He points to the "Volga Boat Song" and Tchaikovsky's "Andante Cantabile": they are perfect jazz when played as fox-trots; and since the Tchaikovsky can be jazzed with profit to itself (a judgment that shall not pass) it must have the jazz spirit within it. And since jazz is an expression of a lively spirit, any expression of this lively spirit —e.g., Schubert's "Deutsche Tänze"—is jazz. This is just verbal trickery and a waste of time: Mr. Osgood wants to confound us with his cleverness and superior knowledge; and also to show his good sense in a matter in which others are silly prudes or self-righteous hypocrites, the matter of jazzing serious music. For if serious composers have written jazz then writers of jazz may jazz serious music.

That is the argument of the intervening three-page discussion of the subject. It is by the use he makes of the stolen theme that the thief must be judged, says Mr. Osgood correctly. Reger's cumbersome variations on Mozart's dainty theme are, then, an outrage; those of Beethoven on a waltz of Diabelli, or of Brahms on a serious theme of Haydn, justify themselves. And having justified Brahms's procedure by the quality of its result, Mr. Osgood insists that it amounts to jazzing (livening up) Haydn's theme, so that now Harry Carroll is justified in jazzing a theme of Chopin! But he is further justified by the quality of the result; and I shall not comment on the taste and judgment of a man who holds that Carroll did not spoil the melody of Chopin's "Fantasie-Impromptu" when he removed from it every trace of rhythmic subtlety and reduced it to the inane sing-song of "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows"; and who offers this perversion to the multitude as evidence that Chopin's originals are catchy tunes.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Books in Brief

A Memoir of Alexander Gordon Cummins Harvey. Edited with an Introduction by Francis W. Hirst. London: R. Cobden-Sanderson. 5/.

During the past century Lancashire ha produced a small but serviceable stock of shrewd public-spirited Liberal politicians who have striven, not always successfully, to keep their country in the safe path of peace and economy. Alexander Gordon Cummins Harvey was of this stock, and the "Memoir" shows him to have been a business man who took public duties seriously. He combined the principles of the Manchester school with certain elements of the new radicalism expounded by the early Joseph Chamberlain, including advanced land reforms, local option, and reform of the House of Lords. Sitting in the House of Commons from 1906 to 1917 he strove to preserve Liberal principles in war time, opposing conscription and protection and supporting the attempt of Lord Lansdowne to bring about a peace by negotiation in 1917. As an employer he was a pioneer in "welfare work" and an energetic supporter of schemes for efficient popular education.

Tom-Tom. By John W. Vandercook. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

Studies of the Bush Negroes of Suriname, Dutch Guiana, are not numerous, and they are, except for this book, non-existent in English. Mr. Vandercook is not an ethnologist, and he exhibits some tendency to be mystical about the adaptation of black folk to the jungles in which they live, but he is a shrewd observer of the life of the people whom he and his wife visited, and the telling of it all is vivid. It is to be hoped that the work he plans to do in Liberia will contain all the desirable qualities of this work, not the least being its readableness.

Which Way Parnassus? By Percy Marks. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

"Which Way Parnassus?" may prove a safe guidebook to the realm of higher education for those not booked to make the journey. It repeats certain popular indictments against the management of American colleges, but throws no new light on a problem that merits intelligent attack. Discriminating readers will be disappointed in this performance by one who boasts about his opportunities for observation. It is especially rich in misinterpretations of phases of college life which the author has observed and now undertakes to ridicule.

Cargoes and Harvests. By Donald Culross Peattie. D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

It requires ten times as much acreage to grow cattle as it does to grow a corresponding food value of wheat, and more for game than for cattle—which is one reason why our ancestors gave up hunting in favor of herding, and herding in favor of agriculture. But despite the venerability of the spice trade, 90 per cent of the tropics is still virgin jungle—the richest soil in the world. Mr. Peattie sketches the romantic history of the trade in tropical products—quinine, tea, camphor; potato, cotton, and tobacco from the New World; poppy; and chaulmoogra, which has doomed leprosy. It is an exciting, neglected chapter of history.

Social Progress. By Ulysses G. Weatherly. J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.

The author of this volume in analyzing the dynamics of change propounds his personal predilections and learned prejudices in the fields of biology, anthropology, and sociology. The book is replete with specious generalizations which include such old chestnuts as "the natural conservatism of women" and "without a radical metamorphosis of men's minds no fundamental change in institutions or laws would very much alter the real situation." As a college text, the book will do little to stimulate the spirit of intellectual adventure, the absence of

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which the author deplores in one of the occasional suggestive sections of an ambitious but very uneven work.

Lincoln's Parentage and Childhood. By Louis A. Warren. The Century Company. $3.50.

When Miss Tarbell and Mr. Barton published the results of their independent investigations into Lincoln's ancestry there was some reason to believe that this phase of Lincoln history had been brought to the point of saturation. Mr. Warren, following up with researches on his own account, reveals the existence of many additional official references to the Lincoln and Hanks families in Kentucky, and quotes from records previously unpublished to show the good character and public spirit of Lincoln's immediate forebears. The book is carefully and cautiously written, and is a worth-while addition to the ever growing library of Lincolniana.

Land Planning in the United States for the City, State, and Nation. By Harlean James. The Macmillan Company. $5.

Had the author's critical discussion of the moot points of land planning been as complete as his scholarly account of the history of the movement in America, he would have made a remarkable contribution to the literature of the subject. Even as it is, the book offers a mass of information that is obtainable in such concise form nowhere else, and its valuable bibliographies make it an excellent book of reference. Yet one misses in it the touch of criticism or creative imagination; one misses any complete consideration of the revolutionary economic implications of the subject.

Drama

On Makebelieve and Acting

DESPITE the vigorous propaganda which has been carried on in its favor the Russian conception of the actor's art has had no great influence upon the American theater. Though the visits of the Moscow company awakened appropriate enthusiasm, and though both Ouspenskaya the player and Boleslavsky the director remained among us, our actors have for the most part been content to remain what they always were—more or less clever improvisers who may not inappropriately be compared to those musicians who play by ear.

Temperament and imagination—the native endowments of the good amateur—are the qualities upon which they chiefly rely, and they achieve the majority of their effects by following their instincts. At their worst they are the mere types whose peculiarities are recorded on the alphabetized cards in the casting-director's office and who, having been selected as costumes are selected, are turned loose to "behave" upon the stage. At their best they are petted and not infrequently spoiled children with a child's gift for ingenuous makebelieve. Provided with a part—preferably one which affords them some of the emotional satisfactions of the fantasy, one in which, as they put it, they can "see" themselves—they proceed to imagine that they are the person represented and they play the part as a child would play it.

Sometimes the result is effective enough—witness for example the crisp cynical old men of George Arliss or the bright epigrammatic ladies frequently impersonated by Mrs. Fiske. But sometimes it is no less than distressing, as it is, for example, when Mrs. Fiske tries to imagine herself Mrs. Alving or when some spoiled darling lets herself go in a part which she likes too well. Moreover the whole method is, as a method, open at least to the theoretical objection that the thing which it leads to is not an art at all but merely a temperamental indulgence. Like the fine frenzy and the native wood notes wild of the poet as he is popularly conceived, it is something in which intelligence and technique play a much smaller part than they do in the finest achievements of genuine art.

Now doubtless some exaggeration is involved in this statement and some injustice done to many of our actors who have added unto themselves, to a greater or less degree, some skill in the art of consciously controlled portraiture. It does, however, serve to define the essential feature of the American method and to contrast it with that of the Russians who regard temperament and imagination as aids to perception but who make expression a matter of considered effects planned by the intelligence and executed by a body trained to respond to the mind which manipulates it. And it will explain also why most American acting, being as it is hardly art at all, defies any attempt to criticize it. What we see generally upon the stage is a sort of *monstrum ingens*, something which is half the actor himself and half the character he is supposed to be playing. The nearer the two happen in a particular case to be identical or the nearer the actor comes to a mastery of his art the less insistent is the effect of two superimposed images; but it is rare indeed that this effect is entirely lost and that one does not have the impulse to say, as one would say to a friend at a costume ball: "Not half bad, old man, but I can see *you* behind your false whiskers nevertheless."

Mr. Boleslavsky, who has labored for some time now with his pupils at the American Laboratory Theater, has at last brought one of the school experiments to Broadway and gives us an opportunity to study his method in his production of Clemence Dane's "Granite" (Mayfair Theater). Something of a triumph for the director though it is, it is not wholly fortunate as an educational exhibit, for the simple reason that all the skill which has been lavished upon the direction cannot make it other than a rather unsatisfactory play. The scene is laid upon a lonely island off the English coast, the characters are a set of strange wild people, and the action is rather childishly weird and violent. Acted in any simple and straightforward manner it would seem only rather frantic and unconvincing; acted as Mr. Boleslavsky has caused it to be acted it captures the spectator in spite of himself and leaves him with the feeling that he has been tricked into a momentary suspension of his disbelief which was hardly worth his while. Artificial in every detail, the production takes on that sort of credibility which complete consistency always has. Every moment, every accent, and every stage picture has been deliberately planned with reference to a total effect and in harmony with a predetermined style. A tense and ominous expectancy governs each gesture and fills the scene. As a result, artifice triumphs, and one surrenders oneself to something which, however unreal and without significance, undoubtedly has an existence of its own. Between such a production and a first-rate play acted in the ordinary hit-or-miss American fashion I should have no hesitance in choosing the first-rate play, but even in "Granite" is illustrated the nature of a genuine theatrical art capable, when applied to better material, of achieving effects which we are seldom fortunate enough to see upon our stage.

"Earth" (Fifty-second Street Theater) is the second production of the new Playwrights' Theater and is to alternate with "Loud Speaker." A play dealing imaginatively with the struggle between Christianity and Voodooism among the Negroes, it achieves, in spite of certain crudities, some effective assaults upon emotion in the scenes which employ the songs and shouts characteristic of the Negro's religious ecstasies. "The Mystery Ship" (Garrick Theater) is a play in which the terrifying effects failed lamentably to terrify its audience; "Menace" (Forty-ninth Street Theater) is a melodrama with the scene laid on one of the small islands of Japan and composed for the most part of familiar melodramatic cliches—the murderer who killed to protect a woman's honor, the artlessly ardent and artless ferocious native girl, and the American virgin who successfully appeals to all a white man's better nature. At the Civic Repertory Theater a well-played revival of Susan Glaspell's "Inheritors" has been added to the already rich list of current offerings.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

The Bulgarian Worker

THE representatives of the Independent Council of Labor Unions recently met with Prime Minister Liaptcheff and presented the following report:

The conditions of the working class in Bulgaria are very bad. The industrial, economic, and financial crisis has reached a perilous stage.

The social-welfare laws, which are a vital necessity for the workers and which are so frequently praised, are not in force.

The buildings in which the laborers work lack the most elementary hygienic requirements. No sanitary control is exercised and the worker's family receives no medical care. The workshops, the factories, the offices, the stores, and other public institutions are filled with working children of both sexes. No restriction whatsoever is placed upon child labor. In factories and workshops the working women are subjected to vulgar insults.

The eight-hour working day was long ago discarded.

The textile workers in Sliven and Gabrovo, the workers in the sugar factories in Gorna Orechovitza, Philippopolis, Rustchuk, and Kayalee, the tanneries in Gabrovo and Sofia, the miners in Pernik and Plackalnitza as well as in other state and private mines have long forgotten that there was a time when they worked only eight hours. The bakers and waiters work fourteen hours a day. The printers work more than nine hours daily. The employers are trying to replace the seven-hour Saturday with one of eight. The workers in the little workshops of the artisans—the shoemakers and the tailors—because of the system of piece-work that has been introduced work more than twelve hours daily. The barbers' helpers work without any definite time limit. Carpenters and iron laborers also work more than ten hours a day. Farm laborers and lumbermen work from thirteen to fifteen hours a day. Generally speaking the working classes have been deprived of holidays and Sundays.

Besides all this there are a great number of persons without work. Thousands of tobacco workers, especially in Philippopolis, Haskovo, Stanimaka, Dubnitza, and Sofia are perishing because of lack of work; their days are full of tragedy and misery. Thousands of builders wander from town to town, throughout the whole country, looking for a chance to sell their labor. There are also many thousands of workers from the mines, sugar factories, cloth, leather, and metal factories without work.

The terrible poverty of the workers who are without jobs has driven multitudes to desperation and many have committed suicide. There are at present in Bulgaria not fewer than 300,000 workers and their dependents who have no means of livelihood whatsoever. This is a monstrous evil for Bulgaria. To this we must add the appallingly small daily wages received in Bulgaria, which average only a little over a shilling a day.

But this is not the worst. Not only is the working class crushed economically but it is also deprived of the right of organizing in professional organizations and of struggling in a legal way for better living conditions. The workers in the state mine at Pernik are most brutally treated whenever they try to form an organization. The tobacco laborers in Philippopolis, Stanimaka, Dubnitza, and in other places have been prevented from forming labor unions. The city authorities at Lom prohibited the dock workers from forming a union.

The sheriffs in Dubnitza, Keustendil, Vratsa, Lom, Eski-Djumia, Etropole, Pleven, Tatar-Pazardjik, Stanimaka, Nova Zagora, Yambol, Troyan, and other places have deprived the workers of the right to carry on labor propaganda and to organize independent labor and professional unions.

Inasmuch as no labor union can be formed until the Ministry of the Interior officially approves its constitution and by-laws the whole labor movement is held up in the offices of the Ministry. Requests for the ratification of the constitution of certain unions have gone unanswered for months and even years. The Independent Council of Labor Unions has already waited more than five months for the ratification of its constitution. The Labor Union of Tobacco Workers in Philippopolis has waited more than a year to be legalized. At Pernik the local authorities even refuse to forward the constitution of the union to the Ministry for ratification. The Sofia shoemakers have waited more than a year for their constitution to be ratified. The authorities at Tatar-Pazardjik, Stanimaka, Nova Zagora, Yambol, Lom, and other places also refuse to send the constitutions of labor unions to Sofia for ratification. The mayor of the village Orechovitza in the district of Stara Zagora has declared that if the farm laborers dare to meet to form a union they will all be interned. Certain persons who tried to form a labor union in Etropole were arrested as though they were the vilest criminals. . . .

The police crushed the strike of the laborers in the car factory at Drenovo. The same thing happened in the strike of the tobacco workers at Vratsa. The police dispersed a meeting of the striking shoemakers in Sofia last year and several days ago some of the printers, who had been locked out of the largest printing office in Sofia on January 6 and who are now struggling to compel the management to take them back on the same working conditions that existed before the lockout, were arrested. . . .

Local authorities in Lom, Dubnitza, Keustendil, Stanimaka, Etropole, and other places have forbidden the workers to receive the absolutely legal and law-abiding paper of the Labor Union Council, *Edinstvo* (Unity).

In view of all this the Independent Council of Labor Unions asks the Bulgarian Government to secure to the laborer his right to create and develop his labor union without hindrance.

We also ask that we be allowed to form unions without waiting for a ratification of our constitutions by the Ministry of the Interior.

We request the Government to give material aid to the people without work, to enforce the social-welfare laws, to limit the speculation with food products by fixing maximum prices, and to give its attention to the housing crisis.

In his reply Prime Minister Liaptcheff said:

Industrial crises often occur. Sometimes they become so severe that they threaten the existence of a social class and so jeopardize public safety. No such crisis exists in Bulgaria. Crises are not overcome by laws. There is speculation, but we cannot do away with it by means of maximum prices. In the opinion of the Government there is no housing crisis. The state does not intend to build houses. There are many laborers out of work. We are trying to do away with that by developing our industry, especially by giving concessions to foreign capital. In every social conflict the Government defends the weaker side; that is why it has created social-welfare laws. I shall do what I can to have them strictly enforced.

You complain of our administration. The police authorities are afraid that, as ex-Communists, when you organize in labor unions you may later become the tools of political organizations with alien ideals. I do not share this fear. Act within the limits of the law, work for the interests of the laboring classes in Bulgaria, and I shall do what I can to bring about a change in the treatment accorded you.

I shall take your report under consideration and do whatever I can to satisfy your demands. I shall endeavor to see that freedom is given every labor union which acts within the limits of the law, and shall do what is necessary to have your constitutions ratified.

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Violence in Bulgaria

THE document printed below came from a wholly trustworthy source in Bulgaria to the International Committee for Political Prisoners.

Sofia, February 8

On June 9, 1923, a group of conspirators made up of officers, reserve officers, and professors in Bulgaria overthrew the Agrarian government which was in power at that time, arrested hundreds of prominent Agrarians, killed many others including the Prime Minister, Stambouliisky, and formed a Cabinet of self-appointed ministers who ruled the country for two and a half years. During that time a great deal of violence occurred and many victims fell on both sides, the adherents of the conspirators' Government losing about 300 people, including 160 killed by the setting off of a bomb in a church, and the people's parties losing a number estimated at between 6,000 to 18,000 people. Most of the peasants and Communists who fell were killed after an abortive, utterly ineffectual and not very dangerous uprising in September, 1923, and after the terrible church explosion in April, 1925.

During this bloody period the conspiratory Government was in strict control of the press and by the application of a stringent law for the defense of the state prevented any one from speaking or writing about the victims.

At last, however, the question of atrocities has been opened by the whole Sofia press and now the attacks on the Government are being made not by "destructive" left-wing Communists and Agrarians but by perfectly patriotic Nationalists, Democrats, and Socialists. The police cannot throttle all these people without utterly compromising the Government, so during the last few days much has been written about atrocities.

The Socialist paper for several days ferociously denounced the Government for the outrages and massacres which occurred between September, 1923, and December, 1925. The Government papers answered in a painfully self-righteous and solemn way: "Yes, there were excesses, but we saved the state and it was justifiable to resort to any kind of measures to save Bulgaria; besides it was not the army but the militia which committed the atrocities, and furthermore, all the bourgeois parties and even the Socialists had a hand in the slaughtering of Communists and peasants." In a word, there was a great slaughter of the people, but it was necessary for the salvation of the state. And besides, it was the open season for killing Communists and Agrarians, and everybody was taking a hand in it.

Concerning the atrocities the *Banner*, which is the organ of an irreproachably bourgeois party, asks: "Is it not true that various gangs, 'black-hand' groups, and secret societies were permitted to operate in the name of the state and even to place themselves above the state, and did they not cover the name of Bulgaria with shame?"

The *Narod*, the organ of the Socialist Party, writes: "It is not a question of the people who fell during the actual skirmishes between two armed groups. We are speaking of the atrocities which have since occurred, even up to the present time. Municipal councils are dissolved by force; innocent citizens are arrested, the meetings of political opponents are prohibited; secret societies attack, beat, and torment the opponents of the Government.

"We are raising a question about all those people who were taken from the jails and the Bureaus of Public Safety in order to be murdered while they were in the hands of the authorities. We are speaking of that great mass of people butchered without trial and without sentence.

"The responsibility for the atrocities and the murders committed upon imprisoned citizens by the servants of the state does not fall upon any one but the state authorities. And a list of these atrocities is a terrible judgment upon the present Government.

"This list was enlarged during the months of September and August, 1926. At that time in an effort to stamp out brigandage in the counties of Troyan and Lovetch masses of people were killed, in one bunch 11, in another 9, in a third 8, another 4, and so on. (It is reported that not fewer than 120 people were massacred altogether.) . . ."

On January 4, 1926, the conspiratory Government fell from power and was succeeded by the Cabinet of Andrew Liaptcheff, who, though supported by the same parliamentary group which legalized the Government of the conspirators, has governed the country vastly better than his predecessors. Nevertheless, as the *Narod* says, violence continues.

For example, the *Radical*, the organ of a small but very scrupulous bourgeois party, writes in a leading article on February 2:

"Arrests, torture in the prisons, assault, and threats are the commonest government practices. The facts which we have been publishing from day to day show how the Government is preparing for the coming election. The party in power is determined to regain the sinister reputation it had before the advent of Mr. Liaptcheff, during January of last year. On the evening of January 26 in the town of Kazanluk our friend, the universally esteemed citizen Mr. Andrew Ovcharoff, a member of our supreme Party Council, was seized by the police and taken to the Bureau of Public Safety where he had to spend twelve hours in an unheated, bare, and dirty cell, although he was guilty of no crime of any sort. Mr. Ovcharoff was treated by the police like an ordinary criminal on the pretext that he did not happen to have his identification card with him. The outrage was perpetrated not on a member of the Agrarian League in an out of the way village but on an exemplary citizen, a member of the bourgeois party in one of Bulgaria's most cultured centers.

"Here is another case. The mayor of the village of Vulchidrum, our friend Kiril Lazaroff, called a meeting of the municipal councilors, the school inspectors, and several other prominent villagers to discuss important matters concerning the whole village. They had barely begun their meeting before they were attacked by armed secret police, who arrested them and took them to jail. After that they were taken under guard twenty miles from the village and at that time the village councilor, John Mihailoff, was beaten; the president of the school board was beaten; and another councilor, Todor Ovcharoff, was almost choked to death. And all this was done for the purpose of compelling the village councilors to resign so that a committee of three might be appointed by the authorities to govern the village. . . ."

Contributors to This Issue

FRANK R. KENT will speak on Calvin Coolidge at the fifth *Nation* Dinner, April 12.

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